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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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JAMES G. BIRNEY.

BY SALLIE HOLLEY.

Many young persons are casting their first ballots with the great party of Liberty, who have scarcely heard of its nucleus—the little "Liberty Party" that in 1840 began the effort to overthrow slavery by conscientious voting. In the recent sketches of John A. Andrew they will read that he was the warm supporter of the Liberty party and voted for its presidential candidate, James G. Birney, and know but little more than the *name* of that good man chosen to be the standard-bearer of this advance guard of political action for freedom. A recently published "Tribute to James G. Birney" is very valuable, and will help to keep his memory green. It shows how a large portion of his life was spent in a brave struggle for free speech, and the right to discuss topics he saw were essential to the life of the nation—giving his estate and time unreservedly to warn his countrymen that slavery and freedom could not exist together, and of the danger foreboding the government. He endured calumny, suffered the loss of property by mob violence, and, in the heroic spirit of Christian martyrdom, did not count even his life dear, if necessary to lose it, for the sake of liberating the oppressed and redeeming his land from its great sin and shame. His sincere devotion to Anti-Slavery principles was born of a deep experience—for to him could Goethe's line be truthfully applied:

"How blest is he who lifts himself from error's turbid floods."

Mr. Birney was born a slaveholder in Kentucky. By fortune, social position, education, and marriage he was entitled to all the honors and worldly success accruing to such advantages. He had public trusts of office and a fine law practice in Kentucky and Alabama, till his mind became engaged in slavery, as a question of morals and religion, and was led to the only adequate remedy, "immediate emancipation." As soon as he felt this conviction, he had all the slaves of his farm and household assembled, and told them they were no longer slaves, but free men and women, and from that time he should pay them wages, if they chose to remain with him. The entire household, white and black, knelt in worship, while the blessing of God was asked upon the act, amid the sobs and responses of the negroes. It was a memorable and impressive scene. With his enlightened conscience Mr. Birney could no longer belong to the Colonization Society, of which he was a Vice-President, and in his letter of resignation is this touching and eloquent passage of his own *emancipation:* "Born in the midst of a slaveholding community, accustomed to the services of slaves from my infancy, reared under an exposure to all the prejudices that slavery begets, and being myself heretofore from early life a slaveholder, my efforts at mental liberation were begun in the very lowest and grossest atmosphere. When I remember how calmly and dispassionately my mind has proceeded from one truth to another still higher, and that the opinions I have embraced are those to which such minds and hearts as Wilberforce's and Clarkson's yielded their assent, that they are the opinions of the disinterested and excellent of our own country, I feel well satisfied that my conclusions are not the fruits of enthusiasm. When I recur to my own observation, through a life already of more than forty years, of the anti-Republican tendency of slavery, and take up our most solemn State paper, and there see that all men are created equal, and have a right that is inalienable to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, I feel a settled conviction of mind that slavery, as it exists among us, is opposed to the very essence of our government, and that by prolonging it, we are *living down the* foundation principles of our happy institutions." Noble and brave testimony from a Kentucky slaveholder, 30 years ago. Hoping and wishing to persuade other slaveholders to act as he had done, he bought press and type to publish a paper in his native town. The slaveholders now saw that Mr. Birney was in earnest, and immediately there was an entire change of feeling toward him. They held a mass-meeting and pledged themselves by every means in their power, violent or peaceable, to prevent the publication of his views among them. Mr. Birney replied to his old neighbors that he "could not for a moment surrender the right—one of the most precious to an American—however they might violate it by destroying his property or cleave it down in the abuse of his person." Resisted and foiled in his attempt to publish the *Philanthropist* in Kentucky, he crossed the Ohio to Cincinnati with his press, only to have it seized and sunk in the river by a mob of citizens scarcely less demonized by the spirit of slavery than the slaveholders themselves. On Sunday night, August 2d, 1836, houses were searched that Mr. Birney might be found and lynched. Providentially he was sixty miles away, giving a lecture, and so escaped probable death at the hands of the mob. Amid all this ferocity of the slaveholders and their confederates threatening his life, he could calmly write, "If such a thing should be permitted I must look upon it as the way which an infinitely wise God has appointed for me, as the part I am to act in the great revolution He has set on foot for the liberation of the oppressed in our land. We who are now in the field may all perish, but what of this? Our faithfulness unto death, if we be called thus far to suffer, will animate others to fill our places while we go home to reap our reward and be forever with the Lord. We fight not with the courage of despair, but with the calmness of certain victory—with the strength of those who feel that the power is from the Almighty."

In his letter of acceptance of the Presidential nomination in 1840 of the Liberty party, occurs this passage—the truth of which has been so strikingly fulfilled by our subsequent history: "It is in vain to think of a sincere union between the North and the South if the first remain true to her Republican principles and habits, and the latter persist in her slaveholding despotism. They are incapable, from their natures, *of being made one.* A large oligarchy, as the South is, made up of a multitude of petty despotisms, acting on the principle that men are not created equal; that a favored few are born booted and spurred to leap into the saddles with which the backs of many are furnished by nature—such a government, when brought into close intercourse with republics acting on principles diametrically opposite, must be brought to modify, and eventually relinquish its principles and practices, or the *republics* must undergo a similar change and assimilate to the practices of the despotisms. One or the other must, in the end, gain the entire ascendency." With such words of wisdom did Mr. Birney thus early declare the nature of the "Irrepressible Conflict," *still going on,* and which a timid Republican Congress hesitates, after all the fearful struggle of war, to adopt squarely as its philosophy and basis of Reconstruction.

How eloquently another Southerner, a native of Virginia—M. D. Conway—who broke from the toils of slavery, tells what one must suffer for such conscience's sake: "Do you live in a slave State? Say one word against the institution, and see if the hearts that knew your childhood do not freeze to ice, and if the arms once twined about you will not be drawn to strike! Over all the appeals of relationship and affection—over all the claims of brain to think or tongue to speak—over wasted humanity—Saharas of ignorance—over the interests of property—*over all,* the slave god still sits amidst his devotees. Slavery is the real and only religion of the South. To it other regions are evil in proportion to their freedom; other free States are diabolical, more or less; Massachusetts is the Devil, because Anti-Slavery is anti-Christ."

VIRGINIA.

LETTER FROM COL. CHARLES E. MOSS.

Alexandria, Va., December 9, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The friends of reconstruction are awaiting the action of the Constitutional Convention before entering in earnest upon the contest for supremacy in the Old Dominion. As soon as that body has completed its work the Radicals will earnestly proceed to the completion of the good work so auspiciously commenced. Their final triumph could with certainty be predicted, were it not for the fact that the timid course of a majority of the Republican members of Congress will be quite likely to encourage President Johnson in the adoption of bolder measures than any he has yet ventured upon. There is danger from that source, and our friends do not feel certain of the result. There are good reasons for that feeling of uncertainty. The number of registered voters in the late election was 221,754. Of that number 116,982 were whites, and 104,772 blacks, giving a majority of 12,210. The vote cast for the convention, 14,835 whites, and 92,507 blacks. The vote cast against the convention was 61,249 whites and 638 blacks. Aggregate vote cast, 169,229—less by 52,525 than the number registered. Of the number of registered voters not cast 40,898 were whites and 11,677 blacks.

Such is the state of the vote at the recent election. The conservatives claim there are from 12,000 to 15,000 more whites to be registered before the next election. I am inclined to believe there are 10,000 whites and 8,000 blacks to be added to the list at the next election. If I am correct in that belief the number of registered voters at the next election will amount to 239,754. Of that number 126,982 will be whites and 112,772 blacks, giving a white majority of 14,210. Of the 14,835 white votes cast for a convention, the conservatives claim 5,000 to have been cast against Radical candidates for a convention. That number of white voters for a convention the conservatives believe will vote against the ratification of a Radical constitution.

It is plain to be seen, from the above statement of the vote of the State, that the contest over the ratification of the work of the convention will be a spirited one, and require all the Radical strength of the State to insure success. Should the white vote be fully polled, and a large number of the blacks fail to vote, the constitution will be rejected; and what is true in Virginia is also true of three or four other non-reconstructed States. The conservatives of the Old Dominion are already organizing for the contest, and will resort to every conceivable expedient to secure a triumph. They feel confident of being able to unite the white vote against the measure, and being able to reduce the black vote some ten or fifteen thousand below the number cast at the recent election. Should they succeed in accomplishing that result, the Constitution will be rejected, and reconstruction will be a failure in Virginia.

There is very great danger of a large reduction of the colored vote. That danger grows out of the persecutions to which that race is subjected. For voting the Radical ticket, thousands have been turned out of employment and out of house and home. In Richmond alone over one thousand were discharged, and hundreds of those turned houseless into the streets, for presuming to vote in favor of the reconstruction laws of Congress. Being destitute and without means of support, the Freedmen's Bureau was compelled to issue rations to save them from want and starvation. Over three thousand men, women and children in the city of Richmond were thrown upon the Bureau for the means of salvation from starvation. The same state of facts exists to a greater or less extent in every county in the State. In Wythe county, out of a vote of four hundred, one hundred and seventy-five were thrown out of employment. But it is unnecessary to go into detail. Suffice it to say that fifteen thousand voters have been turned out of situations for no crime but a love of the government, and voting to carry into effect in the State of Virginia the acts of Congress in relation to the subject of reconstruction. By so universal a system of refusing to give employment to the black man and expelling him from house and shelter, there is a strong probability of reducing the colored vote some ten or fifteen thousand.

There is another mode of reduction of that vote unless measures are taken to prevent it. Before the next election thousands of colored men will change their place of residence. That change will be the means of more or less neglecting to attend to having their names registered at their new homes, and thus their votes will be lost. In that way it would not be strange if the black vote were reduced several thousand in spite of all efforts to prevent it.

The white Radical vote of the last election will be very materially decreased, and unless made up by additions from those who refused to vote, will somewhat effect the next election. That decrease will grow out of the removal from the State of large numbers of Union white men. That process is rapidly going on, and will not cease until the State is reconstructed and represented on the floor of Congress. How great a reduction in that vote will be made from that source, is now impossible to tell or estimate with any degree of certainty. I have little doubt but the reduction will be three thousand or more.

There is one other fact operating strongly against the Radicals all over the South. That is the timid and cowardly policy of the Republican members of Congress on the subject of impeachment. That is looked upon by both Union men and rebels as an endorsement of the policy of President Johnson. No matter how much those members may attempt to deny it, you can not convince the great mass of the Southern people that Congress is not afraid to carry out its policy in the South and a Democratic President will not be elected in 1868. They come to that conclusion from the result of the recent elections, and the complete surrender of a majority of Congress to Mr. Johnson. The vote on impeachment, they claim, can only mean an abandonment of the Congressional plan of reconstruction. In proof of this they point to the order of Gen. Hancock depriving colored men of the right of serving on juries, issued and brought home to the knowledge of members before the final vote was taken. The effect of such a belief will be to deter poor white men from voting to ratify a constitution conferring suffrage and the right to hold office and sit upon juries upon colored men. They understand well the condition they will be placed in should they vote with the colored men, and reconstruction under the Congressional plan become a failure. Not one of them could live in safety, and many of them, lacking the means of removal from the State, would be compelled to submit to the rule of persecutors and enemies.

The Conservatives hold a State Convention at Richmond on the 11th, to organize for the defeat of the constitution to be adopted by the Convention. It will be respectably and numerously attended, and its proceedings conducted with much harmony and enthusiasm. I have very little doubt but it will pass resolutions complimenting highly the apostate Republican members of Congress who have voted with Copperheads to defeat the treachery of President Johnson.

Gen. Grant has been opposed to impeachment, and in a conversation with a friend on Monday of last week declared that "it would not answer to impeach the President." He said "the country needed repose, and all extreme measures should be at once abandoned by Congress." Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, his conscience-keeper, declared on Friday last that "if impeachment was carried, Gen. Grant would not consent to become the Republican candidate for President," and that wholesome measure was defeated through the influence of Gen. Grant and his friends.

It is stated that Gen. Hancock's order in relation to negro juries in Louisiana was issued under instructions from Gen. Grant. How that is I know not. One thing I do know, and that is that the friends of Gen. Grant, *par excellence,* are opposing negro suffrage and openly declare that the negro question must be abandoned to save the Republican party in 1868.

A movement is on foot to bring out Gen. Butler for President and Benj. Wade for Vice-President, upon a thoroughly Radical platform. That ticket, it is believed, would rally to its support the Southern Radicals and true men of the North. I do not know how that would be; but it would be a ticket fit for Radicals to vote for, and that is more than can be said in favor of some other tickets I have heard suggested.

Let Congress pursue the same course a few weeks longer it has for seven months in the past, and the Republican party need not worry itself about the next President. It will be defeated, and a Democrat will fill the Presidential chair the next four years; and if the party abandons the principle of universal suffrage, it ought to be defeated, and every true Radical will aid its defeat. On all questions of finance and foreign policy the Democratic party occupies as fair a position as the Republican party, and can be as safely trusted. The Republican party, under Grant, on a platform of expediency in 1868, will share the fate of the Whig party under Scott in 1852 on a platform of anti-agitation and availability.

A movement is now commenced for the calling of a Radical National Convention at Washington on the 22d of February next. It is proposed to organize a National Radical party, and adopt a platform of principles around which to rally in the future. The cowardice of Republicans in joining the Copperheads in an endorsement of the policy of President Johnson, has made such a movement necessary. It is not proposed to nominate a ticket unless matters assume a new shape before that day, to make such nomination necessary.

Charles E. Moss.

THE PRESIDENCY.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STANDARD.

To the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley.

Dear Sir: I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise, in common with your numerous friends in this city, at your choice of Gen. Grant for the next Presidency—a man of no party, whose political sentiments regarding the great issues now before the country are unknown, and whose prolonged silence plants deep suspicion and gloomy forebodings in every Radical heart, more especially that of the negro, who looks to the next Presidency as the millenium of his liberty. Gen. Grant's silence is not without significance; and if the managers of the Republican party, through that cowardice and timidity which the recent reverses have apparently implanted in some of them, nominate him on the score of *expediency* and *availability,* unpledged to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the black political element of the South—*now the only salvation of a Radical President*—would be justified in bolting his nomination! The Republican party, though reluctantly, has shouldered Manhood Suffrage. This must be its rallying cry; it must base its claim to national ascendency on this great principle of justice. Without this grand issue, it remains conservative, and no longer an agent of progress and reform.

Gen. Grant, *tacitly,* is a Conservative; and his nomination by the Republican party would be a disgraceful back-down—a cowardly retrogradation.

The negro's common rights of citizenship are yet *in transit;* and therefore he is not in a position to buy any tickets for a Presidential lottery. The negro's present position in the nation is yet uncertain; the title-deed of his liberty is partly invalidated by partisan technicalities, and it is both unsafe and unwise for him to engage in any uncertainties or probabilities. His condition demands clearly-defined guarantees; and if these are not presented or vouchsafed in the next Presidential campaign, his hearty co-operation cannot reasonably be expected. The blacks of the South do not demand a colored Vice-President; they do not believe in any such folly or impolicy, and it is my sincere belief that the cause of Human Justice is greatly delayed by this foolish proposition.

I feel safe in saying that Gen. Grant is not the choice of the colored masses of the South. Has he given us a word or done a deed on which we could reasonably risk our political rights in his hands? Johnson has proven a fatal prize to the Republican party; Grant may end its days! That Grant is ambitious, there is no doubt. He wishes to reach the Presidency, and it seems to be a matter of very little difference to him *what boat* takes him there. The scheme seems to be very precarious; at least the negro looks at it in that light. Shall the Republican party risk the negro's liberty and the nation's honor in such a scheme?

If Gen. Grant, unpledged to the principles of Republican liberty and equality, is the only salvation of the Republican party in the coming Presidential campaign, it is better perhaps for that party to retire quietly to the walls. Defeat, under the banner of Chase or Sumner, would be far more desirable and honorable. The Republican party must either advance fearlessly in its high path of true Republicanism, or retreat ingloriously to its Chicago platform of 1860. There is no middle ground for it to stand upon. If Grant has no political principles—which is not improbable—he is, by no means, suited to the Presidency. If the Democrats want to "try him on," let them do so; because, if elected by them, he may render the cause as valuable service as Andrew Johnson renders to the rebels.

Repudiation at this stage of our existence would be national death. This feature is a *silent* plank in the Rebel-Johnson-Democratic platform; and if Grant is nominated and elected by that party, it is natural to suppose that he would try to keep clear of any recreancy which would endanger his popularity and world-wide fame.

There is no visible cause for the Republican party to seek success by any medium of expediency; for if Congress stands firm and finishes its Reconstruction programme before July next, we can easily spare New York and Pennsylvania, and elect Judge Chase to the Presidency.

The next President must be pledged to Republican Equality and Liberty, in order to receive the votes of the colored masses of the South.

The party has borne the so-called odium of negro suffrage; let it not lay down its "burden" while ample reward is at hand. With Chase in the Executive chair, the negro will hold his common rights of citizenship in fee simple, and the nation's honor and credit will be guaranteed.

In conclusion, I trust you will not throw off the Radical harness, and that the pioneers of Liberty, Equality and Justice in Congress will not intimidate the negro by even showing a shadow of recreancy to those great principles of progress in which are involved the negro's permanent enfranchisement, and the very life of the Republic.

Yours, obediently,
J. Willis Menard.

New Orleans, Nov. 28, 1867.

THE SURRENDER OF CONGRESS.

From the Philadelphia Morning Post.

Notwithstanding that a majority of the Judiciary Committee of the House, expressly directed to investigate the charges against the President, reported that those charges were true; notwithstanding the insolent Message of the President, in which he deliberately defied Congress, there are but fifty-four Republicans in Congress who had the courage yesterday to vote for impeachment. The filibustering motions of Mr. Logan were tests of the resolution of the House, and proved that it has no resolution. We concede to individuals honesty in opposing this bold measure, but we do not concede that Congress is honest, for it repeatedly threatened to impeach Mr. Johnson if he dared to do what he has done, and nothing is better established than that the majority of the Republicans long ago admitted that impeachment would be justice. The House, therefore, believes one thing and does another. If the removal of Andrew Johnson were the only question involved, we could better endure this defeat. Bad as his administration is, it is drawing near to its end. But let cowards say what they will, the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was a measure to which the Republican party was pledged. Impeachment was the only solution of the question. It was the logical end of the irrepressible conflict between a Congress that made just laws and a President that refused to execute them. The Republican party could not escape the responsibility and had no way of preventing the issue except by flight. It chose cowardice as a refuge. The Capitol surrendered to the White House! Andrew Johnson is the hero of the day. Probably he knew his men when he sent an intimidating message to Congress, for he understood that there was no danger of arousing their self-respect, and he had great hopes that he might excite their fears. To-day we find the Republican party at the feet of its enemy, for we need not repeat that in Congress alone the leadership of the Republicans is found. After the recent defeats in October and November it was to Congress that all earnest Republicans looked for aid. It has failed them, and we can hardly ever estimate the moral effect upon the country. This act of cowardice will dishearten our friends and embolden our foes, and we shall better know what we have lost when the answer comes from the millions in the South, who looked to Congress for a leader, and the rebels who will start to know that they can still use Andrew Johnson as a tool.

JAMAICA.

NO NEGRO OUTBREAK.—CAUSE OF THE RECENT DISTURBANCES.

We have received advices from Kingston, by way of Havana, to the 15th instant.

There is no truth in the report, purporting to have been telegraphed from Havana, to the effect that there had been another outbreak among the blacks, and that it was likely the government would be compelled to call out the militia, and adopt severe measures of repression. A disturbance had occurred in the town of Falmouth, on the north side of the island, consequent upon a body of soldiers belonging to the detachment of the Third West-India regiment quartered there having made a most cowardly attack upon the constabulary and the inhabitants generally of the town. The ruffians, numbering between twenty and thirty, armed with large sticks and razors tied to the end of each stick, rushed from the barracks through the town, inflicting serious injury upon every person whom they met in the streets. Several of the constables and of the citizens were maltreated. Eventually the captain in command of the detatchment succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in getting the soldiers into the barracks; and on the following day several of them were tried at the Police Court, convicted, and sentenced for various terms to the District prison. The attack, it is said, was premeditated, and was caused by jealousy of the constabulary, in consequence of a silver cup given by the chief magistrate of the parish as a prize for target shooting having been won on the previous day by Sergeant-Major Hinds of the constabulary.—*Evening Post.*

Gen. Hancock's Jury Order.—Gen. Hancock issued yesterday Special Orders No. 203, revoking paragraph 2 of Special Orders No. 125, issued by Gen. Sheridan in August last, relative to the composition of juries. By Gen. Sheridan's order the names of jurors were taken from the registry of voters, thereby excluding those disfranchised by the act of reconstruction from voting. Gen. Hancock's order makes also a discrimination, but it is against the loyal newly enfranchised citizens, which looks much more like Andy Johnson's policy, than like the nation's will expressed by its representatives in Congress. Fortunately, Gen. Hancock's command of the Fifth Military District, however long it may last, will have an end, while justice is eternal. We hope that General Orders No. 203 will have the effect, not only of stimulating the State Convention in its labors, but in adopting a Constitution which will relieve Gen. Hancock of the trouble of commanding that part of the Fifth Military District known as Louisiana.—*N. O. Tribune.*

NASBY ON THE ALABAMA CONVENTION.

THE WOES OF JOHN GUTTLE, JR.

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 1, 1867.

I am in Montgomery, in attendance, ez a looker on in Venis, uv the "Constooshenel Convenshen," ez it is called, now in session in this accused town. It wuz curiosity which brot me hither. I hed heard of this piebald body—uv this black and tan gathering, in wich niggers and white men—niggers in wich the white blood predominated—wuz gathered and settin side by side, the same ez tho Noer had never cust Ham, and ez the nigger wuz not a beast, and not our inferior at all. Ez I gazed I sed to myself:

"The times is out uv joint, O cussed spite,
That I wuz ever born to set em rite."

John Guttle and I wended our way to the Hall into wich the Convenshun wuz a sittin. In the Hall wat a site! On the rite wuz a nigger on the floor and makin a speech; on the left wuz a nigger of majestic presence, with his feet cockt up onto the desk in front uv him, absolootely readin a noosepaper, and another wuz jist a comin in towards his seat a pickin his teeth with as much composure ez tho he hed never did anything in his life but be a member of a constooshnel convenshuns. All about the hall in various attitoods sot niggers of various shades, and all uv em well drest, self-possesst, and without a partical of that healthy hoomility wich the race had alluz displayed wen in the presence of their sooperiors.

"Good God!" sed I to Guttle, after I hed recovered from my astonishment, "Am I awake, or am I dreamin? Tell me, please, who are these niggers?"

"Dost see that nearly white nigger on the floor offerin a resolution?" sed Guttle hoarse with emoshun. The nigger is my property. His mother wuz sold to Orleans twenty years ago, on account uv a resemblance which my mother fancied she saw in him to my lamented father. I kep him ez my servant, and the yaller cuss somehow learned to read. He owns part uv a place the old man hed in the north part of the State. That one to the rite who is bizzy writin, is another wun uv mine—a blacksmith which the old man bot on purpose to do his repairin, coz the white blacksmith which wuz located near us cost too much. He wuz cheap at $2,500, coz uv his bein a sooperior workman, and I am now told the incapable being hez a shop now uv his own, and has a pile uv money in the Savins Bank, while I—his nateral sooperior—hev to depend onto the chance liberality uv a comparative stranger like yoo for the very drink wich I am now parched for want uv."

And the onfortnit young man busted into tears, wich we went out and assuaged. Returnin, he resoomed:

"That mulatto on the left, by the double winder, is a carpenter and wunst my property. He bot uv me fifty akers uv land for a mere song, and when delegates wuz to be elected to this yere Convention, he run agin me, and beat me four to one, the ongrateful niggers wich we had worked all our lives, absoolotly preferrin him to me, to legislate for em," and he bustid into teers agin.

Findin the excitement was too great for him, I gently lead him out uv the hall.

"Wat," sed I, "is to be the end uv all this?"

"God only knows," sed he, "I don't. There is nothin but rooin ahead, and on each side uv us. These niggers and the crazy whites in league with em, have now sole control uv Alabama, and they are mashin down the 'spectable old barriers which keep the races in their place. They are passin all sorts uv ordinance pervidin for skools; they hav given themselves the ballot and have disfranchised us who served the Confederacy, so that the power will be theirs for all time to come. The result is already foreshaddered in wat they hev done. Out near my place, just west uv Mobeel, they have a village and a skool house in which they are taught reedin, ritin, arithmetic and all sorts of devilment, by a nigger skoolman wich is sent by the Freedmen's Commission in the North. They refoose to work for any uv us onless we pay in advance, and consekently, ez we can't git labor, our farms is runnin to weeds. And to make matters wus, the Convenshen is a makin labor a lien upon the crops, and so hamprin us that it does seem to me that they intend to delibritly rooin us. They are establishin skools, and churches, and villages everywher, and wat is pertikelery oppressive, we havn't the power to stop em in their mad career. Politikle power we hev none, and when it comes to force, the beast Pope stands here sekoor behind the baynets he controls. Good Lord I—but let's drink."

Wich we did, I payin for it.

I shel leave here to-morrer. I kin never bear to hev the niggers pass me cloathed in broadcloth, with papers stickin out uv ther pockets. I kin never bear the degredation uv having niggers passin me without takin off their hats and steppin respectfully off uv the sidewalk. Thank God that Kentucky did not openly rebel. There, at least, we kin keep him in his normal speer.

Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster.)

LOUISIANA.

SUFFERINGS OF THE NEGROES.

From the New York Tribune.

There is an eager avidity on the part of Copperhead journals and speakers to hold up every offence committed by any one less than three-quarters white as an argument against "nigger supremacy," and a damning proof that the colored race are banded in a monstrous partisan coalition to despoil and annihilate the whites of the Southern States. To such mendacious sensationists we commend—more in sorrow than in anger—the following paragraph from the New Orleans *Times,* a paper which is notoriously on the side of what the ex-rebels call "the white man's government:"

"Serious but well-authenticated accounts reach us from the country districts respecting the increasing poverty, desolation and desperation of the people, and especially of the negroes. The unprecedented failure of every kind of cultivation has placed a very large class of the negroes *on the verge of starvation.* It is driving them to acts of depredation and wholesale robbery, which are rapidly consuming what is left on the plantations from the general wreck. Stock of every description are rapidly disappearing. The planters find it impossible to guard or save even their milch cows and brood animals. Without money or employment, the negroes find it impossible to obtain meat or bread, and they take to the woods or highways and seize and appropriate every live animal they can find. They even set traps for cattle and hogs. Leagued together in clubs and associations, they are encouraged in these depredations by a confidence in their ability to resist any attempt to arrest or punish them. These acts *are not instigated by political passions or influences, nor have they any political aim or purpose,* though the condition which prompts them in their desperate course has been largely due to political causes. * * * It is actual want and starvation which is driving them to desperate and lawless acts, and is producing a deep and wide-spread feeling of alarm and anxiety in the country. We state these facts on information of the most reliable character, and trust they may attract attention and stimulate further inquiry and effort to apply some relief and remedy to this distressing state of affairs."

The Georgia Conservatives have been holding a convention at Macon for the purpose of denouncing the Constitutional Convention at Atlanta, and preventing the reconstruction of the State on any basis except the absolute supremacy of white rebels. These Georgia obstructionists have learned nothing since they tried the disastrous experiment of secession, and we were on the point of saying they had forgotten nothing; but there are stern lessons of the war which they have forgotten, that our government exists no longer specially for any one privileged class, and that the leading principle of all our State Constitutions hereafter must be equal rights for all men. Georgia might come back into the Union on wise and liberal terms, but a little knot of old gentlemen at Macon resolve that she shall not come back if the freedmen are to come with her. They are like the man who determined to be smothered in the ditch rather than be helped out by a dirty nigger.—*Tribune.*

Gen. Hancock has put himself in active training for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and is undoing, as rapidly as possible, the work of his predecessors in command of the Fifth Military District.—*Cambridge* (Md.) *Intelligencer.*

THE RIGHTS OF THE COLORED MAN.

JUDGE AGNEW'S OPINION.

To the Editor of the Evening Telegraph:

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of this State, in the case of the Philadelphia and West Chester Railroad Company *vs.* Mary E. Miles, is an event to be deplored by all good citizens not only as an act of injustice to one person, but as an indication of a lower moral tone in that Court than might have been expected at this day, and also for the sake of its evil influence on that public sentiment which has so long been arrayed against the colored man. Comparatively few readers will carefully examine the sophistry of Judge Agnew's argument, or perceive the inconsistency between some of his assertions. Many will be satisfied that he has thrown the dignity of his judicial robe over the low and unchristian prejudice against the negro which they indulge in themselves, and in his official words find their fancied justification for acts of oppression towards their fellow-citizens.

The judge admits that no one can be excluded from a public carriage on account of color, and concedes, in this case, the negro's "right to be carried precisely on the same footing with a white man," and then argues in defence of the action of the Railroad Company in requiring colored persons to occupy seats which shall separate them from white persons. Yet it is a well-known fact that a white man, on entering a railroad car, takes any unoccupied seat which he chooses, and may hold it as his right, and that any attempt on the part of a conductor to remove him from it by force, excepting in the case of disorderly conduct, would subject such conductor to a conviction for assault and battery. Even if a white man should choose a seat by the side of a colored man, no conductor would dare to lay his hand upon him to remove him, and no court would justify such attempted removal. It is evident, therefore, that in the case before Judge Agnew the colored passenger was not allowed her "right to be carried precisely on the same footing as a white man."

The arguments or illustrations drawn from the existence of a ladies' car on many railroad trains, and the practice common during the war of assigning separate cars for the use of soldiers, are not applicable to this case, because the one is an expression of courtesy from men towards women, which the latter cannot claim as a legal right, and the other was an arrangement for *mutual* convenience and satisfaction, but which could not have been enforced upon any soldier who, having bought a first-class ticket, chose to take any unoccupied seat in the train. The analogy in the case of an innkeeper fails, because no one claims or desires that hotels shall be be thrown open, like railroad cars, for the selection of places by those who enter them, and the inquiry if it would be a reasonable regulation to compel passengers, black and white, to room together, has no imaginable application to the case, as no one attempted or proposed to compel any white person to sit by the side of a colored one in the car.

The Judge says: "To assert separateness is not to declare inferiority in either." This depends on the way in which it is asserted. If, while the white man's right to choose his seat is acknowledged and respected, the colored man has his assigned to him because his presence is offensive to his white fellow-citizens, the act *does* assert the inferiority of the colored man, and declares that he shall be subject, to this extent at least, to all who wear a white skin. This judicial argument, like most arguments in behalf of despotism, seeks a substantial basis in precedent. The laws and customs of the State are appealed to, and judicial decisions quoted, to prove that the *status* of the negro never fell within the term "freeman" in the several Constitutions, and that the emancipation act of 1780 did not elevate him to the citizenship of the State. Reference is also made to the action of the people of Pennsylvania in 1838, which deprived the black of his right to vote in the commonwealth. The Judge seems to forget that he began his statement of the case before him with a concession that black and white passengers had the same rights. If that is his interpretation of the law, of what use are his precedents? And what *can* such precedents prove? That the black man has been deprived of citizenship, of freedom, on account of his color; that, being weak, he has been the victim of oppression; that the white man, in his greater strength, has meanly robbed him. What then? Does a Judge of our Supreme Court really mean to say that acts of injustice in the past sanction and sanctify violation of men's rights to-day? That would be to say that man can change the eternal laws of right and wrong. That would be to deny that the essence of law is justice.

This decision and the arguments on which it is based are sufficiently unjust and injurious towards an intelligent, peaceful, loyal class of his fellow-citizens; but to all this the Judge has added insult. Does he *mean* to taunt them, from his high seat, with the fact that they are compelled by the prejudices of their white brethren to "occupy separate places of public worship and amusement?" that they are allowed to "fill no civil or political stations, not even sitting to decide their own causes?" He is not ashamed to proclaim, with evident approval, the disgraceful fact that, even in the solemn hour when black men nobly gave their lives to save the nation which had oppressed them, they were carefully separated from white soldiers, until, dying for a common cause, the blood of white and black moistened one field, and their spirits ascend to one Father.

The friends of justice may well rejoice that the passage of the act of our Legislature prohibiting distinction between railroad passengers on account of race or color, will save the commonwealth from any more such judicial decisions in the future, though they may not agree with Judge Agnew's assertion, that the act is itself an indication of the legislative understanding that the law was different previously. Special statutes, with heavy penalties, are sometimes necessary to enforce simple justice.

M. G.

THE RIGHTS OF COLORED PEOPLE.

MEMORIAL OF THE COLORED PEOPLE'S CONVENTION IN KENTUCKY TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE.

The colored people's Convention in Kentucky, last week, adopted the following

MEMORIAL TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

To the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

Come greeting: The colored people of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, through their delegates in Convention assembled, most respectfully petition your honorable body to so alter and amend the clause of the statute as to permit no person to be disqualified from giving his testimony in any of the courts of the Commonwealth, in actions, both civil and criminal, by reason of birth, color, or previous condition. We also most respectfully state that any and all objections to this much-needed reform are based upon a denial of the theory that our juries are honest enough to render a verdict to and in accordance with the law and evidence, and that they have intelligence enough to discriminate between conflicting statements, to detect falsehoods, to arrive at the truth of every case, and render impartial justice between man and man. Unless this theory is true—and no one asserts to the contrary—the judiciary system of the State is a failure. If true when applied to the white people, it must, by every sound system of reasoning, be equally true when applied to us. To say that a jury of white men, upon their oaths, are honest enough to do justice between white men, and intelligent enough to decide upon the truthfulness of statements made to it by such evidence, and, at the same time, too dishonest to do justice between a white man and a black one, and without intelligence enough to decide upon their truthfulness, is an assertion too absurd for utterance; and it is an insult to every right-minded man, that this is the logical argument to be deduced from our present system. If your juries are competent to make their verdicts under the law from the evidence of white persons, they are equally competent to do so from the evidence of black persons. Some may say that we are incompetent to serve as witnesses in a case where a white

person is an interested party, by reason of our want of intelligence or our disregard of truth. We deny this most emphatically. The same objections may, with equal propriety, be extended to thousands of white persons in this State. Juries almost daily render verdicts directly opposite to the statements of some witnesses in whose testimony they have no confidence, and many a white man is a witness whose intelligence is no greater than that of the average of our own people. These are matters that should not be urged in general objection to any class of witnesses, whether white or black. It surely occurs that false testimony escapes alike the attention of the court, the jury, the clients, and the attorneys engaged in a trial; and a rigid enforcement of the law punishing perjury will effectually protect society from all danger of this character. Under our law we are now competent clients and witnesses for or against each other. In action, both civil and criminal, where our own people of color alone are interested, in property or life, we are citizens of the same common country. Much of the property now constituting the aggregate wealth of Kentucky, has been acquired or improved, in whole or in part, by our labor.

None know better than the citizens of this State how we have protected and cared for both the property and the lives of our former owners. Suddenly freed by act of war, we were mostly thrown upon our own resources, without property or means of protecting what little we now have, the product of our own toil and care. It is larceny to steal it from us; it is murder to feloniously deprive one of our people of his life. Is there any member of your honorable body who would offer inducement to crime, outrage and lawlessness, by saying that the white man's property and the white man's life are protected under our law, but the property and the life of a black man are unworthy of protection, and beyond the pale of our law. We hope not; but this is what the law now says, for we can be despoiled of our property, our females may be outraged, our school-teachers shot down at their desks, and our ministers murdered in their pulpits, by any person lawless enough to do so; and the sad history of the past few years must convince you that many men, thus lawless, live in Kentucky, and we have no remedy in the courts, if the only witnesses happen to have African blood in their veins, no matter how truthful or intelligent they may be. On many of the lonely farms of our State, in the absence of the owner, his wife and daughter are the only white persons remaining. His property may be stolen, his wife and daughter may be outraged and murdered during his absence, in the presence of every colored servant about the place, by a white man, and the villains go free of punishment, if no white man witnesses the awful crime. We believe that much good will accrue, both to the white and black people, when this right of testimony is given to our people in all cases; and thus society will be more effectually protected from crime of every character than it is at present. We do not expect by our rights of testimony to influence wrongfully the action of any court or jury, but simply desire the right of any of our people to go before any court or jury and testify to matters within their knowledge, the testimony to go for what it is worth, under the circumstances attending the case. And that equal and exact justice may be administered to both black and white, we ask that all disqualifications on account of race or color, in so far as they apply to voting, be removed; and that the plaintiffs and defendants in every action, whether white or black men, shall be made competent witnesses, with the right to testify in their own behalf, subject only to such exceptions as are made for white men.

For this simple act of justice to a poor and oppressed race, we appeal to you by every consideration of civilization and love of right. And for your favorable action we will ever pray.

JUDGE CAZABAT'S REAPPOINTMENT.—The N. O. *Republican*, in mentioning yesterday the reappointment of Judge Cazabat by Gen. Hancock, says that he has been "a true friend of colored suffrage." May God save us from such friends. Judge Cazabat prevented the impanneling in his court of a jury composed of white and newly enfranchised citizens, on the ground that there was no law of the State to warrant it; the learned Cazabat ignoring the Act of Reconstruction and the Civil Rights bill.—*N. O. Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH

National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary.

THE managers of the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary summon their friends to another effort in behalf of that race for whose welfare so many years' labor has been given. This Thirty-fourth Anniversary will be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, January 22d, 1868. The aim, as heretofore, will be to give the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY the means to continue its operations, and especially to sustain the publication of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Surely if there rested in any mind the slightest doubt whether our continued exertions in the old channels are needed, the events of the last three months must have dispelled it.

We see the President of the United States planting himself on the old idea of a white man's government, an idea which the nation has fought five years to crush. He upholds the policy of recognizing races and regulating our laws according to the supposed qualities of each—thus ignoring the cardinal principle of the civilization of which he is the official head. The negro is to be very graciously protected by the pity of the white man—not by granting him his rights or putting into his hands the means of defending them. We are not to treat him as an equal, but to dole out charity to him as a dependent.

This revival of old prejudice, this quickening of old feuds, is regarded by one-half the nation as sound statesmanship. The announcement of this creed in his Message has so strengthened the President's position that Congress dares not venture to impeach him. Such has been the criminal indifference and huckstering policy of the Republican leaders that, at length, the people themselves are, in some degree, confused and demoralized. An empty and servile press echoes the treason, and, if such a thing were possible, one might fear we were drifting back into the hateful and angry struggles which disgraced the Nation before the war.

While Congress fears to impeach a President confessedly guilty of high crimes, the great leaders of the Republican party seem ready timidly to hide themselves behind the fame of a successful soldier, with no pledge or claim that he shall support the policy which alone has led us to victory—the policy of exact justice and impartial civil rights. The North—Ohio, Connecticut, and the West—reeks with the old hate of the negro, and by fresh action pledges itself against him.

Doubtless there was an hour when all this could have been prevented. That golden opportunity—that moment, when the people, far ahead of their leaders, besought them to "go forward"—was allowed to pass away. Earnest, devoted, strenuous effort is needed to regain, if possible, another such; at least to rally the Nation afresh to its duty.

Believing that the whole duty of the Abolitionists will not be done, nor the pledges of the Anti-Slavery movement redeemed, until the idea of race is eliminated from our civil life, until color is no proscription anywhere under the flag—and seeing with what a slender tie the dominant party is bound to this idea, and how ready the leaders are to loose it, we feel that every word we can utter and every effort we can make is needed *now*, before the great choice of next year, to secure all that can yet be saved of the harvest for which our husbands, sons and brothers gave their lives.

The eyes of the civilized world are upon us. The dead who gave their lives for justice claim of us a like devotion in this great cause. Let every one—those whom long years of toil have consecrated to this work and those whom present emergencies have baptized into it—let all rally with a fresh enthusiasm to sustain our Society by their personal activity and their pecuniary contributions. We need both. It is only by the labor of many hands so great a work can be done. For a hapless race now passing through a most perilous hour, we beg of all friends their utmost exertions. This last, this critical hour, when so much may be lost or that final seal set which secures all, let us unite in a strenuous effort to make the most of the opportunity bought with the blood of so many martyrs.

Those not able to be present to aid on this occasion and listen to the appeals of the zealous and tried laborers in our cause, may send their contributions to R. P. HALLOWELL, Esq., No. 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the managers resident in Boston.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER, Worcester, Mass.
LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Wayland, Mass.
LUCRETIA MOTT, Pennsylvania.
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.
LIDIAN EMERSON, Concord, Mass.
MARY GREW, Philadelphia.
ELIZABETH GAY, Staten Island, N. Y.
MARY E. SARGENT, Boston, Mass.
LYDIA D. PARKER, Boston, Mass.
CHARLOTTE L. FORTEN, Boston, Mass.
ANNA SHAW GREENE, Boston, Mass.
MRS. GEORGE L. STEARNS, Medford, Mass.
MARY M. BROOKS, Concord, Mass.
SALLIE HOLLEY, New York.
HANNAH B. SPOONER, Plymouth, Mass.
CAROLINE C. THAYER, Boston, Mass.
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS, Boston, Mass.
CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE, Newton, Mass.
MATTIE GRIFFITH BROWNE, Boston, Mass.
MARTHA LE BARON GODDARD, Worcester, Mass.
EMELINE T. SMITH, Cambridgeport, Mass.
ANNA D. HOLLOWELL, Medford, Mass.
SARAH COWING, Weymouth, Mass.
JENNIE G. GREENE, Milton, Mass.
ARMENIA S. WHITE, Concord, N. H.
RUTH BUFFUM, Lynn, Mass.
CAROLINE R. PUTNAM, Italy.
SARAH BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
REBECCA BRADFORD, Roxbury, Mass.
SARAH J. NOWELL, Cambridgeport, Mass.
SARAH P. REMOND, Italy.
MARGARET P. SNOW, Fitchburg, Mass.
HARRIET W. SEWALL, Melrose, Mass.
EVELINA E. SLACK, Boston, Mass.
MARY C. SAWYER, Grantville, Mass.
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, Grantville, Mass.
ABBY S. STEPHENSON, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
EDNAH D. CHENEY, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
ELIZABETH B. CHACE, Rhode Island.
ANNA TALBOT FAIRBANKS, Rhode Island.

CONGRESS ADJOURNS.

DOES this Congress ever do anything but adjourn? Some wight, lacking in sagacity as well as in reverence, has presumed to call it the "Dawdling Congress." How unjustly! Did ever any public body exhibit such incessant activity as the XLth Congress has done in adjourning? The fertility of its invention in finding reasons for adjourning is marvellous. The member who has charge of this department—the Chairman of the Committee on Adjourning—the only active Committee, and one whose works are its all-sufficient eulogy—must surely be a genius. What would he not accomplish, could he be induced to turn his attention to novel-manufacturing? What novelty of plots and freshness of incident!

Mr. Johnson has committed every crime that a President can or that a man ever did. We would not be so unjust as to deny that a fair share of the session has been most worthily employed in finding out that this cunning demagogue has contrived to do all this mischief without bringing himself within reach of the law. The toil of Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, in this matter must have been stupendous. Kicking against nothing, and the old Scottish wizard's task of making cables out of sea-sand are trifles in comparison. Such a man has fairly earned his holiday. One ought to be granted him for the rest of the session. No person will imagine that any public interest would suffer from such a grant. Mr. Wilson, at home, tearfully perusing the late speech of his colleague, Judge Woodbridge, would be, emphatically, "the right man in the right place." But the American public is too busy, too much absorbed in Mr. Dickens and in Bonner's Dexter, to do justice to shrinking and unobtrusive merit. And our wish is to call public attention to the unheeded merit of the XLth Congress in general, as to this matter of adjourning.

There is a story afloat—we do not vouch for the truth of it—that a man spent a week in Washington on Congressional business; but, being a late riser, failed each day to get to the Capitol in time to see Congress in session. At last, in order to save time and hack hire, he adopted the ingenious expedient of telegraphing from Willard's to the Capitol to inquire whether Congress was in session. In this way he managed once to get there in time to see Congress in the full climax of its activity—that is, just in the act of adjourning.

Congress and boys and girls are the only persons in this country who enjoy holidays. Boys and girls have them when teachers allow. Congress takes them when it pleases. With the exception of such cases of over-active and sorely tasked individuals as Mr. Wilson, we venture, with due deference, to suggest that, once in a great while, this privilege is abused. The cautious and eminently judicious editor of the *Tribune* expends a great amount of excellent indignation on mileage. Suppose he joins, for once, with honest men, and urges a plan of paying Congress by the hour—it being understood that journeys home to eat Thanksgiving dinners, and attend Christmas, and to have the Hall swept, adjournments over till Monday to get quorums, etc., shall not be counted as session-hours. We were once connected with a debating society whose favorite question on exhibition nights was, "Is the State safer when the Legislature is in session or while it stands adjourned?" What ample materials for such discussion the present Congress would supply! A point might be raised as to whether Congress did more while in session or while adjourned. Microscopic investigation could alone determine, the difference in amount being so slight.

Now that Congress has resolved itself into a mere National Committee to oversee the next Presidential election, all real interest in its action and debates ceases, except so far as they may throw light on that momentous question—impeachment. Finance, acquisition of foreign territory, reconstruction itself have all become juggler's balls, rising and falling as a hidden agency commands. Congress is afraid of any decisive step. Like equally matched gamblers, they dread in the presence of rivals to risk a move. The main object is to seem to do something, but in reality do as little as possible. A statesman would seize circumstances in his master grasp and crush from them success. These dabsters are only able to drift; and hence they drift on, helpless—hoping, Micawber-like, that something will turn up to help their candidate. We may expect, therefore, to see the policy so ably initiated, industriously carried out; the XLth Congress resolving itself into a grand committee charged with the important duty of finding out "how not to do it."

The XXXVIIIth Congress will live in history as the one which initiated the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The XXXIXth Congress will be renowned for that great abortion, the Civil Office Tenure act. But of the XLth Congress it will simply and grandly be recorded that it ADJOURNED.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

DIED.—In this city, at 23 West Washington Place, on the 16th instant, after a brief, severe illness of scarlet fever and measles, LIZZIE RICE POWELL, aged three years and ten months, only child of Aaron M. and Anna Rice Powell. A funeral service will be held this (Wednesday) afternoon at Ghent, Columbia county, N. Y.

IN CONDOLENCE.

THE Editor of THE STANDARD will necessarily be absent from his post for some days. The hand of Supreme Power has been heavily laid on the hearts of his household; the light of his home—a celestial flame of such rare fragrance indeed that her earthly stay seemed as a morning's visit—has flown forever. But above all the wail of anguished humanity is heard the voice of The Father: "Leave all these and follow me."

He has chastised this faithful servant sorely; for He loves him tenderly. And when the blinding veil of fearful, short-sighted, self-seeking human grief has been withdrawn toward the healing distance of the long years, the divine Light will, with brighter radiance than before, illume the horizon of this willing, meek and obedient, but now struggling and suffering soul; and, with still purer vision of the Eternal and Infinite Truth and Beauty and Goodness that overspans all finite ills, he will again go forth, doing The Master's work.

Many friends, with us, will mourn the sad trial that has befallen our co-laborer. Not for the sake of her who has thus suddenly been called to a better home (for all who knew her will agree that her race on this sphere was already run; that hers is one of those sweet, highly-wrought, angelic spirits, which, if they ever are left to be tossed in this life's gales, are so for the cheer of their fellow-navigators—not for their own growth. She belonged a round higher in the ladder of spirit rank; and her promotion followed early). No: for her, no regrets will ascend from wounded sympathies without; but many a scalding tear will fall for the orphaned father; many a heart-felt sigh and "God preserve thee!" will accompany him on his now cheerless journey. Many a fervent prayer will arise, to strengthen his hands in the lonely battle.

Nay! not *entirely cheerless*—not *wholly lonely!* ONE is with him—one whom we have hitherto forborne to mention, because the circle of our friends who know her by the name she bears to the world, is a narrower one; though all who know aught of *him*, or *his* work, have therein (though it be unwittingly!) known, by proxy, the tender, loving, hopeful spirit whose trust and cheer has been the sustenance of his soul when all other earthly resource would seem to fail. *She*—the constant wife, and, until yesterday, alas! the devoted mother—still bears, with him, the cross, for the glory of God and the love of mankind. In all the crushing sorrow of the mother over the flight of her first-and-only-born—the humble, child-like faith of gentle woman is for a time the strength of courageous man.

—LIZZIE RICE POWELL, as we knew her, was a child of rare spiritual endowments. A light—not only to those whom bodily relationship had associated with her, but to all who were privileged to meet her—she carried that sunshine and gladness which spring from high ideal promise, wherever she went. The cheer she gave was not born from mere childlike glee (although she had thereof a sufficiency), but from the atmosphere that permeated and surrounded her, of a wisdom beyond her years and a purity beyond her race. Her mind appeared (in external bodily characteristics, as well as in active manifestation) to be unusually far-developed in the moral and reflective faculties; but especially did she show a ripeness and power of the *ideal perceptions*, that would have rendered her an anointed High-Priestess of the Beautiful, the True, and the Good.

But she is called to a purer air, a wider field, a brighter light. Let us bow in deep humility, and accept in reverence, with the content of filial trust, the Omnipotent Decision; while we honor her memory by a silent tear. Peace, and the love of God, be to our little sister in her new life above; and the comfort of a sustaining faith, together with the cordial hand of sympathy, to our much-tried friends—AARON M. POWELL and ANNA RICE POWELL.

G. M.

December 17, 1867.

A VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

THE recent action of Congress on the question of Impeachment has shown us what we have to expect from the Republican party. The next year will be spent chiefly in President-making. Whatever an earnest and true minority may do, the great, controlling majority of the leaders in that party will, probably, go on in their course of compromising its principles to save its life. It was in their power to arrest the mad progress of the traitor-President, and save the cause of freedom and the welfare of the nation from his further assaults. The loyal masses of the people demanded of them this loyal work. Why they did it not, let them answer to their country and their God. The fact which concerns us is that they did not do it; and we can look to them for no effective championship of the cause of Freedom, during the fierce contest for the next Presidency upon which the nation has now entered. Andrew Johnson has fourteen months more in which to plot and work evil; and no one doubts that he will vigorously use them to accomplish his own purposes. There are dark signs of the times, and it is useless and childish to pretend not to see them. Do we therefore despair of our cause and our country? No, verily. *We trust the people.* We appeal from their political leaders to themselves. With Garibaldi in prison and Louis Napoleon upon the throne of France, we do not despair of the liberty of Italy. It would be impossible for us to despair of American liberty. Down in the depths of the national heart there are moral forces at work by which God will work out the triumph of the cause of freedom; it may be by a long or a short process. In a time like the present, when rulers and leaders of the people prove false, when the costly lessons of our four years' war seem to be lost by them, the danger is that private citizens who see and mourn over the evil, will think that they have no power to resist it, forgetting that their earnest protests of word and deed are among those moral forces which move the nation's heart and create its life. As, nearly forty years ago, we called upon this people to wake out of its deadly slumber over the terrible fact of slavery, conjured it to rouse itself to overthrow a system which was fortified and defended by the civil, military and ecclesiastical strength of the nation, and called not in vain; so, now we call, in the same warning, entreating voice, to this people, which has arisen in its might and broken the yoke of legal and Constitutional slavery, and urge it to demand of its legislators the full completion and security of that freedom which in the hour of her extremity, the Nation promised to her slaves. We appeal to those who fought through those years of war; to those who, through more agonizing sacrifice gave husbands, sons, and brothers to die on battle-fields and in hospitals; we appeal to all who love their country, to decree *and execute their decree*, that the fruits of those battles, the reward of those sacrifices, shall not be wrested from them by the selfish ambition or cowardice of politicians who care more for their own political advancement than for the salvation of their country, or the rights of man.

In a popular government there are many ways in which the people sway their rulers. Every bold, truth-speaking newspaper, every earnest voice faithful in protest and rebuke, uttered in pulpit, or platform, by the fireside, on the street, to-day, is a moral force which party-leaders, in Congress and out, will feel. All that is needed to save the Nation, to arrest Congress in its course, is that these forces shall steadily and rapidly increase. Congress refused to impeach Andrew Johnson, and, to this extent, joined hands with him. Let the American people impeach Congress.

M. C.

THE noted private letter from Gen. Grant to the President, on the removal of Stanton and Sheridan, has finally been sent to the House of Representatives, and published. It is respectful but firm in its tone of opposition. In the field the General said little and did a great deal. In (or before) the Cabinet, he writes tremendous letters, but does little else.

PERSONAL.

The Dickens mania still rages unabated in New York city and environs.

The recent letter, ascribed to Gen. Dent, defining Grant's political position, is pronounced a forgery.

Sallie Holley spoke in the Baptist church at Farmerville, Seneca Co., N. Y., last Sunday evening, to an "overflowing audience." The Presbyterian church at the same place adjourned their evening meeting to hear Miss Holley.

Mr. Phillips's lecture at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on the 19th inst., will be succeeded on the 26th, by a *new lecture* from LUCY STONE. Subject: "Shall Women Vote?" Tickets and seats to be had of Dyas & Co., 246 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

A murderer named Lusk, found guilty by a Military Commission ordered by Sheridan under the Reconstruction Act, had his sentence of death approved by Gen. Grant. The proceedings and finding have been called for and received by the House of Representatives. This is the first case under that Act.

The Secretary of the "National Society for Woman's Suffrage," in Manchester, England, relates, in the London *Times*, the case of Mrs. Lily Maxwell, of Manchester; whose name was (probably by misapprehension) placed on the register of electors, and who, consequently, exercised her right of suffrage at the late Parliamentary election—voting for John Bright.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, December 15th, 1867.

To the surprise of everybody, the Democrats last Monday elected their candidate, Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Mayor of Boston for 1868. A majority, however, in both branches of the new City Council are Republican. The new State government shows the same state of things with a difference, as an Irishman might say, the Governor being Republican and a majority of both Houses Democratic. The ruling power in both these elections was hostility to the Prohibitory Liquor Law, and both administrations will favor the free accessibility of intoxicating drink to all who wish for it. Since the pendulum was to swing that way again, it is perhaps as well that it should have *full* swing, and be left unobstructed to show the consequences of that policy. And the friends of Temperance, doing what they can all the time to save the tempted, will have a year to devise improved methods of operation, and educate the community up to the point of carrying them into execution.

The opponents of this year's municipal administration have made great complaint of the expensiveness of the projects it has undertaken, and the new government, therefore, will *perhaps* economically cut short some of them. It is to be hoped that it *will* thus interfere with the plan for building an immense hospital, to give better accommodation to about one hundred and thirty lunatics, at an estimated expense of half a million dollars, and pretty sure to cost a million before it is finished.

If this project is quashed, it will be on the ground of economy. But it is especially important that so large a sum should not now be invested in a building of this kind, because there are grave doubts whether the sort of treatment there embodied and represented is the best sort. So great an expense incurred in behalf of a particular system would strongly help to perpetuate that system, and would for many years prevent the adoption of a different one. It seems highly desirable, then, to wait until a comparison of methods used elsewhere, or the suggestion of new ones which promise better results, shall throw some fresh light on the subject.

Our community have been much interested in a series of letters in the *Daily Advertiser*, in which Dr. S. G. Howe describes the method of treating insane and idiotic persons at Gheel, in Belgium. It is made a special point to avoid both the congregation and the confinement of these persons. To place an insane man in a society wholly composed of the insane must, one would think, be unfavorable to his amendment; to shut him up a prisoner with them, in a building constantly bolted and barred, can hardly fail to make him uncomfortable and discontented, and might fairly be expected to tend, by irritation, to the increase of his malady. Yet this is our method. The compensating circumstance is that a skilful doctor and able assistants are always at hand in the prison with them; but it may well be doubted whether this amounts to *full* compensation. The imprisonment is felt as a constant injustice by the great majority, and acts as a constant source of irritation; and in those cases (occuring from time to time, no one can say how often, in even the best of our Asylums for the Insane) where a person is, by fraud or blunder, *erroneously* classed with the disordered in mind, the error must produce dreadful suffering, and might well lead to fatal consequences.

The Gheel system avoids the two principal evils of ours. Instead of crowding the insane together, it distributes them, as far as may be, in association with people sound in mind and body, where the ordinary influences of society will act favorably upon them, and where the comfort of freedom, which they prize as much as anybody, can be enjoyed in connection with fresh air and pleasant occupation. Yes, strange as it may seem to us, nineteen in twenty of the insane there are not only at large without danger to themselves or others, but most of them are steadily and usefully employed. Of course there are some really dangerous ones who have to be kept under restraint. But a very large proportion of those who *would* be dangerous while suffering under what they consider an unjust imprisonment, are found not only harmless but accessible to persuasion when placed in favorable circumstances. The peasants of Gheel receive these persons as boarders, with the understanding that they are to be employed as assistants in the labors of the house, farm or trade, as far as their ability and good will may allow. Most of them are glad to be thus employed. They, as well as other people, prefer occupation to enforced idleness; they like to share in the employments of those around them; and they are pleased to find themselves useful. It is a great advantage to make these unfortunate people comfortable and contented, to cause them to lead lives comparatively happy instead of miserable; but when this method is found to tend also to their restoration to reason, and actually to accomplish the restoration of a considerable number, there seems abundant reason for giving the main characteristics of it a fair trial in this country.

Dr. Howe does not recommend an exact imitation of the Gheel system here, but a fair trial of its main features, giving to the mass of people disordered in mind congenial employment under circumstances as comfortable as may be, without captivity. The Gheel peasants have found by experience that they need not fear such lunatics as the board of management intrust to them. For instance, there are some who have an irrepressible desire to be noisy and boisterous; this feeling is aggravated by confinement and the attempt at repression, and also by manifestations of alarm in the people around them; but suppose, instead of repressing this superabundant steam at the risk of an explosion, we put the patient in circumstances where he can relieve himself by blowing it off without injury or annoyance to others! Certain of the Gheel maniacs are known as "howlers." If they are allowed to howl, roar and scream, without censure or punishment, they are tractable in all things else. They can be trusted with tools, and will do various kinds of work advantageously. By arranging their employment in the open air, at some distance from that of others, their involuntary peculiarity is indulged without harm, and they are made at once happy and useful. It is thought that a great majority of the insane might be made both useful and happy by treating them kindly, giving them employment without confinement, and systematically treating harmless peculiarities with indulgence. As far as I understand, Dr. Howe's wish is that a large farm should be obtained for patients of this class, with a building of moderate size suited to the necessities of those who *must* be kept under restraint, but with many ordinary dwelling-houses in various parts of it where harmless patients might live with sane employers and associates, sharing in such occupations as might be found congenial and suitable. The details of course would require wisdom and skill; but the thing seems worth trying.

Apropos of insanity, we had last week a specimen of the eccentricities and peculiarities of Mr. George Francis Train. This individual, unrivalled in the art of blowing his own trumpet, appears to have an insatiable craving to be gazed at, listened to, wandered after, talked about. He cannot live without notoriety, and that which is gained by playing the buffoon seems as acceptable to him as any other. One who displays unbounded vanity, with very remarkable fluency of speech and abundance of extravagant gesticulation, will never fail of an audience. Mr. Train always gets an audience, and always makes them laugh; and as he cares not whether they laugh with him or at him, his purpose is served. His boasting is superlatively audacious, reminding one of the man who could swim further, dive deeper, stay longer under water, *and come up drier*, than any other man. He is a strong lover and a strong hater. His love at present is lavished upon the Fenians, his hatred upon the negroes. In his speeches, no praise is too great for the Irish and their cause; no depreciation, abuse and contempt too great for the colored people, North and South. What could have induced such a man as this to offer himself as the champion of the cause of female suffrage? Is it only one other contrivance to make people stare and wonder? Or is it, possibly, a sense of justice, a streak of chivalrous feeling, a desire that his strange, meteor-like life may do one good work, and leave one useful result behind it? Who can tell?

At any rate, Mr. Train has accepted the invitation of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony to travel and lecture with them in behalf of the Women's cause; and after giving lectures in various other places, they came last week to Boston and engaged the Music Hall. Probably, in ordinary circumstances, so peculiar a combination of attractions would have filled that large hall; as it was, they drew a thousand hearers in the midst of the worst snow-storm of the Winter. The irrepressible Mr. Train first addressed them, and to do him justice, occupied no more than his fair share of the time. When the turn of the ladies came to speak, they boldly "faced the music," and began by answering the question that everybody was internally asking, why the d—ickens they had such a strange associate in a work which to them was neither trivial nor jocose, but of intensest interest and importance; a work serious as death, precious as life. The reason seemed to be that with Mr. Train they could get better audiences, and paying audiences, and could thus push forward this momentous work of reform without being obliged to travel and labor altogether at their own charges. They spoke, as always, seriously, eloquently and impressively, in regard to woman's right to the franchise, and the duty and interest of the nation to bestow it upon her; and I trust that some who went there to laugh were led seriously to think on the truths they presented.

Our regular season for courses of lectures is now near its end. The last lecture of the Fraternity course was delivered by Wendell Phillips, on "Daniel O'Connell." His work as the "great agitator" in behalf of political and moral reform was that which Mr. Phillips particularly wished to present to his audience; and the description the lecturer gave was so intensely interesting, and the career of O'Connell showed so nobly the majesty of high principle, and the baseness and folly of attempting, by compromise, to strike a balance between right and wrong, that but few words were needed to make the "application," as the ministers used to say, to the present crisis of our common country.

NORTH.

P. S. Your types last week made me say "recovered tradition," instead of *recorded* tradition.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15, 1867.

THE Union League of this city recently held its annual meeting, which is reported to have been very largely attended. Officers were chosen for the ensuing year, and a lengthy report was presented by the Board of Directors, which was adopted without opposition. This address discusses the position of the Union party, extols it for what it has achieved, and calls the development of its ideas a great moral movement, tending to advance the civilization of our country. It contains many expressions of sentiment that commend it to our admiration, but is marred by some points that seem to be wholly incompatible with the general spirit that pervades it. It severely criticises the hollow pretensions of the opposite party, and sharply rebukes its insidious temper and action. "The weak, bad man in the Presidential chair, and his intriguing advisers," are referred to in a manner by no means complimentary, and such characterizing phrases as "incipient traitor," "despised tool," and "treacherous Executive," are casually employed in its contemptuous allusions to Tennessee's "mean white."

The address speaks of the colored race as "a people who have a plain, natural right to legal and political equality," and declares that "the tendency of events is towards that end, however slow and hesitating may be the steps by which we shall reach it." It denounces prejudice as a "brutal instinct," and proclaims that "if the principles of the Union party have within them, as we believe, the essence of truth and justice, they must in the end overcome all prejudices, and reign over us in eternal freshness and beauty, when the errors which they have supplanted are matters of tradition, and the world has lightened its conscience of their burden forever. The laws of justice are the laws of God; and no man should decline their ministration, or feel, under defeat, less confidence in the result for which he struggles."

Against all this, and irrelevant to the general tone of the address, appears the following tainted spot: "We were told that 'this is a white man's country,' and we granted it; we were told that 'this is not a black man's country,' and we granted it. We were then jeeringly asked 'what we were talking about?' Certainly we were not talking about either of these evident propositions." Does the Union League really endorse this diabolical assumption, claiming that the miserable and odious cry of "white man's country" is an "*evident proposition?*" How otherwise are we to understand it?

In view of this atrocious feature, which is in strange contrast with its professions concerning justice and human equality, you may be prepared to know that the address closes with an enthusiastic tribute to Gen. Grant, whereby its deliberate rhetoric effervesces in the rigmarole of ardent and bombastic encomium. This was the natural precursor of a resolution that was carried amid cheers, formally nominating Grant as the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. Few people expected this. It was not believed that the League would thus turn aside from the path of wisdom and light, to join blindly in the stupid hurrah movement, where darkness shrouds everything except availability. What is there to justify the League in the step thus taken? It knows no more about the opinions and convictions of Grant than the public at large. Respecting these the address is silent, but loud in Grant's praise as "a sagacious citizen who is too discreet to waste time in superfluous words." Concerning his principles it says nothing whatever, but spends itself in empty phrase about the "conqueror in a hundred battles," the "persevering commander," the "illustrious chief," and so forth, as if the political opinions of the man were not worth considering. These yet inhabit the mystic realms of conjecture, and the Union League, captivated by the blandishments of victory, disregarding hazard or sacrifice, has simply caught the contagion that manifests itself in the blind worship of this enigmatic idol.

Inasmuch as Grant is so largely favored with confidence, and is conscious of being the object of such heedless faith, it is possible that he will strive to merit the one, and not disappoint the other. He is so generously praised that he may seek to merit all the praise that people bestow. So many assurances are given that he is "all right," that he may endeavor to be right. So much is said by his supporters to make people believe that he is a sound Republican, that in the course of time he may believe the same thing himself. So much pains is taken and effort used to show what his opinions are, that he may eventually grow up to these opinions, and clothe his mind therewith. All this may help to educate him up to the right standard, and he will then no longer be at a loss to know what his own position is, or fail to realize that he actually has a position that he can define.

It may not be too late to speak of a decision issued by the Supreme Court of this State a few weeks ago, relative to the rights of the colored people in connection with railroad travel. This decision has been freely condemned as a disgraceful edict, and a dishonor to an enlightened commonwealth. It belongs to that class of emanations from the dark and lingering spirit of barbarism, of which the notorious Dred Scott decision is the most Satanic example.

The case in dispute was that of a colored woman named Mrs. Miles, who was ejected from a car on the West Chester Railroad. The case was tried soon after the occurrence, and decided in her favor. It was afterwards carried to the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower court was reversed. Happily it can have no practical bearing now, as the law passed since this infamous act of ejection occurred, prohibits distinction on account of race or color. But Mrs. Miles, who is a woman of education and refinement, and a teacher among the freedmen, has the poor consolation of knowing that many other victims of such cruel injustice have failed to obtain redress before an unrighteous tribunal.

The decision of the Supreme Court involves a long and labored effort to uphold and sanction those dark notions that pertain to the injustice, prejudice and intolerance that prevails towards the colored race, and is every way unworthy of this day and generation. One may appreciate its character from the fact that the copperhead *Age* gave it enthusiastic display. The *Press*, strange to say, had no word of comment. Recently, however, this journal, in referring to the Court, took occasion to extol it as "a bench that adorns the State." It is no wonder that the *Post* should be in a mood to call the *Press* "insincere, inconsistent and untrustworthy," as it did yesterday.

You would instinctively declare that the author of this latest instance of judicial turpitude is a Democrat. Surprising as it may seem, this is not the case. Judge Agnew is a Republican. It is quite probable that he is likewise a member of the Union League, and a supporter of Grant for President.

Judge Agnew's decision was reviewed in an able article by Mary Grew, which was published in the *Evening Telegraph*.

Rev. William J. Alston, Rector of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, preached a sermon in relation to it, thoroughly exposing its fallacy and wickedness.

A few evenings since a numerous company of persons assembled at the house of Rachel Moore Townsend, to listen to the reading, by Frances E. W. Harper, of her new historic poem entitled "Moses." It was regarded as a meritorious production, indicating a good deal of ability. It is Mrs. Harper's intention to publish it in book form.

W.

To L. R. P.

SWEET bud of promise, hast been gathered upward
By Him who binds the sheaves that o'er the skies are stored?
—Nor fruit, nor grain, nor even full-blown blossom
Hast yielded, to enrich His harvest's treasured hoard;
Yet crownest thou, to-day, of flowered Beauty
The crown, with which He decks His garnered spoil of Worth.
And, there transplanted, op'st thy infant petals
Full wide, and drinkst the light of warmer stars than Earth.
Too precious for our clime—thy bloom is spared for yonder:
Here call we this thy death; while *there*, in joy, they hail thy birth!

Dec. 17, 1867.

GAMMA.

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER.

NO. II.

YOUR Boston correspondent, North, magnifies as especially admirable Charles Eliot Norton's lectures, lately "given" in his city. Among the "great sources of inspiration," by which "American thought" has been "most deeply impressed," he pronounces "Carlyle, in his earlier writings," prominent. Perhaps we may well give earnest heed to the principles he enjoins, to the doctrines he inculcates, to the methods he commends in his later writings.

He is explicit and emphatic in describing the positions to which he assigns the negro in his relations to the whites; and this, as he peremptorily affirms, on the authority "of Heaven." He may well inquire if he speaks according to the ordinances of reason at the attitude he so confidently assumes. He boldly and broadly declares that "the Almighty Maker has appointed the negroes to be servants." How in this connection he employs the word *servants*, may most easily and certainly be inferred from his own unambiguous representations. They occupy "*essentially* the position" of the American slave. The "Abolitionists" he describes as "frantic," for insisting on his emancipation. His condition as a slave, he stoutly asserts, was not only good—it was "evidently the best of all."

Now where may we look for what is "*essentially*" the "position" of the enslaved? In any such inquiry we ought to dismiss from our thoughts whatever may fitly be regarded as *incidental*. The incidents of slavery, Mr. Carlyle admits, may be to be lamented and condemned. But the RELATION between master and slave, which he compares to "wedlock itself," he magnifies as superlatively excellent. Here, then, in THE RELATION ITSELF, we find what commands the complacency and admiration, the loud, unqualified applause of Thomas Carlyle.

The relation itself, apart from all incidents attractive or repulsive, is most definitely and clearly described in *the ordinances* to which slavery is indebted for its legal existence and support. These pronounce the human creatures who have fallen under their domination, "goods, chattels, articles of merchandize, to all intents and purposes whatever." *They are*, according to what is called the law of slavery, PROPERTY *in the hands of an owner*. This is "essentially" their "position." Whoever they may be and by whatever means reduced to their present condition—men, women, children—whether they bend under the weight of years or wield the powers of fresh maturity, or are oppressed with the helplessness of infancy—whatever may be their endowments, attainments, aspirations—exactly here in all cases and in every respect, the "essential" of slavery obtrudes itself on us. THIS IS THE VERY IT—the root and germ, out of which, by some devilish sorcery, slavery is evolved and developed. Abolish this—the relation of property to an owner, both being "men and brothers"—and the thing which, according to Mr. Carlyle, makes Abolitionists so "frantic," would instantly vanish. For however deeply they might deplore, and however emphatically condemn the incidents of slavery—the "mischief, irregularities, injustices" which Mr. Carlyle flippantly admits "did probably abound between Nigger and Buckra," the thing which awakened their hot displeasure and called for their most determined resistance was, is, and must forever be, the relation of property to an owner among human creatures. Of this, exactly this, this everywhere, and at all times—of this, however modified and maintained—they demanded the abolition, and at once and forever. Mr. Carlyle and the Abolitionists have their eyes on the self-same thing: *the essential position of the slaves.* This he regards with complacency, as the "preappointment of Heaven;" they with deep abhorrence, as the finish of devilish cunning and violence—as an assault upon all the proprieties of Nature and all the perfections of God. And if in this controversy he is to be pronounced sober, they may not refuse to be dismissed, as he contemptuously dismissed them, as "frantic." In the drunkard's eyes, the very trees reel and stagger. Mr. Carlyle may find out, sooner or later, "whose foot is in the fire."

I must reserve for another paper an examination of this experiment, which *our philosopher* in his own exquisite style proposes—the thought of which sets his heart a-dancing. Evidently, he is loth to

therein by ex-Gov. Vance are melancholy to contemplate. If the blacks rule, the South is ruined forever; and, if the whites rule, the condition of the country will be still more deplorable. Such being the case, it is clear that there will be no safety for us except we select Governors from the red mediums of the far West. Truly, those Republican legislators, who so modestly assume that they are empowered to contract the number of the recipients of the right of the elective franchise, or to withhold the same from their native-born fellow-citizens, should examine this matter. A nice fractional division of political power might have a good effect upon the case of the gloomy ex-Governor; otherwise, manifestly, he is in a hopeless condition. Gentlemen vote-masters, to the front! franchise distributors, to the rescue!

R. W. H.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL—PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11th, 1867.

AVAILING myself of an opportunity, amid other duties, I write you some brief memoranda of "men and things" in the Federal capital. Leaving to your spirited correspondent "Asmodemus" the task of reviewing and commenting on the political situation, I shall merely glean a little gossip, that may perhaps interest your readers.

Recently you stated that a life of Maj. Martin R. Delaney was in preparation. I learn that this volume of interesting biography has been accepted by Ticknor & Fields, upon the recommendation of Mr. Edmund Quincy. The author of the volume is Miss Frances Rollin, a finely educated and talented young colored lady of Charleston, S. C. Maj. Delaney, it will be remembered, was President of the Convention held in 1856 at Chatham, Canada, where John Brown organized his Provisional Government. He was commissioned by Abraham Lincoln as Major of the 102d U. S. C. T. and sent to South Carolina, just after the capture of Charleston, for the purpose of recruiting colored troops, the President having determined to officer such regiments with colored men, from the Generals of Division and Brigade down to the Second Lieutenants. Maj. Delaney would, in all probability, have been commissioned Brigadier General, had not Lee surrendered just as he did. The interviews had with Mr. Lincoln, and the instructions given Delaney, as well as subsequent experiences in South Carolina, will form an interesting contribution to history.

Walt Whitman, whose article on "Democracy," in the recent *Galaxy*, in reply to Carlyle, has attracted much attention, is understood to be preparing a series of papers for that periodical, containing his "Hospital Notes." It will be remembered that "The Good Gray Poet," as we who admire love to call him, was a constant nurse in the hospitals and on the battle-fields during the whole progress of the war. He kept brief memoranda of interesting cases. These now cover thousands of incidents, and will form valuable additions to our records, told as they will be in that massive prose, so full of poetic power, so magnetic and vitalizing.

Mrs. Ellen Frances W. Harper, the talented colored poet and lecturer, reads her new poem for the benefit of the Colored Orphan Asylum on Tuesday next. The subject of the poem is the story and life of Moses—not he of Tennessee, but the grand old Hebrew prophet and leader who, true to his race, and filled with the sacrificial spirit, preferred the huts of the slaves to the palaces of the oppressor. The poem is dramatic, musical, full of nervous vigor, fine imagery, and sweet melody. It deserves production in a permanent form. Mrs. Harper has admirably portrayed the central thought of the great story—the devotion of Moses to his race. It is natural that the poet of a race whose imaginations have always clung around that grand old Bible story, from its similitude to their own condition and circumstances, should endeavor to fitly embody that history. Mrs. Harper has done a worthy task in a more than worthy manner.

Senator Wilson is busy on the proof-sheets of his last work—the History of Reconstruction. That, and its companion volume on the Anti-Slavory legislation of the war, make two important contributions to our political history.

Apropos of Congressional authors, it is understood that the able editor of the Worcester *Spy*, Hon. John D. Baldwin, is about to publish the work on which he has so long been engaged—Upon the Pre-Historic Races. It will probably be published by Scribner of New York.

We are informed that a new poet has arisen, and upon the Democratic side of the House. Lieut. Munger, of Ohio, is about to give to the world the firstling of his muse. They are said to be quite pretty lyrics. It is to be hoped that it will not contain any of the brutalities remarkable in his speeches relating to negro inferiority.

"Mark Train," the California humorist, is in town. It is reported that he is preparing a volume upon the voyage of the "Quaker City," which will be published by the American Publishing Company of Hartford, Conn.

Wm. D. O'Conner of this city, whose brilliant Christmas story—The Carpenter—in the first number of Putnam's new issue, attracts deserved attention, will have a poem in the next number. He is understood to be preparing some papers on Abraham Lincoln. Lyceums who desire to bring before the public one of the most brilliant men of the country, will do well to remember that Mr. O'Conner is an accomplished scholar, and as his style shows, endowed with a wonderful command of language and the imagination of a true poet. He is a born orator, and should hold a foremost place among teachers and scholars who occupy the lecturer's desk.

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall is in town, and a frequent listener to the Congressional debates.

Whitelaw Reid, better known as "Agate" of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, is now at his home in Dayton, O., engaged in finishing his "History of Ohio Volunteers." It is said to be a very valuable work.

Rev. Dr. Boynton, chaplain of the House of Representatives, is busily engaged on his "History of the Navy During the Recent War."

Col. R. J. Hinton, of this city, is busy in the preparation of his work on "English Democracy, Labor Reform and Co-operative Enterprises," and is also preparing a series of papers on kindred themes for the *Galaxy*, the next number of which will have an interesting account of an interview with John Bright.

Miss Vinnie Reàm is busy on the model of her Lincoln, which promises much more favorably than was anticipated by most persons. It is quite a striking production.

Perhaps the most unique book of the season—certainly in its contents one of the most remarkable and valuable alike to observer and historical student—is the thin neat volume just issued from the press of A. Simpson & Co., 62 Duane st., New York, bearing the title of "Slave Songs of the United States." This remarkable collection possesses a peculiar interest for those who so long battled for the abolition of slavery, and who still stand for the obliteration of caste. It contains 136 pieces, each accompanied with the music. These songs are not the "Jump Jim Crow" medleys or the "Old Kentucky Shore" melodies, which the burnt-cork and lamp-black minstrels give us, but are the wild, irregular, generally plaintive, though sometimes riant and rollicking "shouts" or "spirituals" from which the negro minstrelsy, so called, was conceived, and which all who have lived or travelled in the slave States have heard. The public have forgotten that many of the most beautiful airs that now exist among us were originally borrowed from the slaves. These plaintive strains seem to have been wrung from the negroes' life. Debarred from speech, the aspirations that the immortal soul—God's image cut in Ebony—was endowed with, found vent in music, grotesque often, strange always, but creative, original, striking, rich, pathetic and absorbing. How many heart-cries have been heard, how many poets' lives have been wailed out through these rude words and in these striking and melancholy strains.

The value of the collection can be readily seen when it is remembered that under the new regime, most of these "shouts" or "speerchials" are dying out, passing away beneath the influences of education. Not that the love of music is passing from the negro's life, but when its next manifestation appears, it will be in a different, though perhaps not as original a form. The volume to which reference is made was first thought of when our teachers at Port Royal were attracted to the songs and shouts in vogue there. Miss Lucy McKim, now Mrs. W. P. Garrison, first called attention to them in a letter to Dwight's *Journal of Music*; at the same time she arranged and published two specimens. One was "Roll Jordan," a "shout" with the sound of the trumpet in its notes and noblest aspirations in its expression; and the other was "Poor Rosy." This, though plaintive, is full of hope, and expresses what seem to have been the slave's chief traits, sadness and heart-breaking over earthly trials, strangely illumined and lightened by the hopes of rest and joy beyond. "Poor Rosy" has the roll of the drum in it too, and thus became immensely popular with our colored regiments. Among the contributors to whose care the presentation of these interesting musical memorabilia are due, we find the names of Col. Higginson, Kane O. Donnell of the *Tribune*, Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, Superintendent of Schools in South Carolina, Major-Gen. Wager Swayne of Alabama, Prof. Silsbey, editor of the Selma *Republican*, and Albert Griffin, editor of the Mobile *Nationalist*, of the same State, Rev. John L. McKim, Col. Trowbridge, Chas. P. Ware, Dr. W. A. Hammond, a well known contributor to the *Round Table*, Rev. Horace James and many others. The editors are Prof. W. F. Allen, C. P. Ware, and Mrs. Lucy McKim Garrison. Prof. Allen contributes a valuable introduction, in which he writes *con amore* of the philogical peculiarities of the negro dialect and gives the reader very much interesting information. We should have liked to see from Col. Higginson, some brief notes, which would have done much to let one into the subjective history of these "slave songs." But the editors have done their work conscientiously and well. Their collection will be of greater value hereafter, than even now. The publishers present the volume in an attractive garb.

The same firm have lately published the "Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker," a most amusing and quite scholarly series of papers, principally from the pen of the author of "Sparrowgrass Papers." They also send out that richest, most *riant* and rollicking piece of humor, fun and learning, "Father Tom and the Pope," which every reader of the best literature for the last thirty years will remember. It is one audacious and stupendous roar of laughter from beginning to end, and contains in its covers enough real wit to set up a dozen Artemus Wards, or other modern witlings. The printing, binding and general make-up is superb, and well sustains the reputation of this house for fine work and careful execution.

The Harpers have just published Goldwin Smith's recent lectures entitled "Three English Statesmen, Pym, Cromwell, Pitt." The volume is quite neat typographically. It need hardly be said that the contents will be found luminously eloquent, earnest, full of insight and generously liberal. Yet, as Prof. Goldwin Smith possesses the limitations of his set, the English middle class—Liberals, not Democrats—so his book exhibits those limitations. Great and generous as is his conception of Cromwell, it seems in some respects to fall short of the actual truth. Pym is generously dealt with as the model Parliamentary leader. The lectures on Pitt are the most thorough; necessarily so, for the theme was nearer the writer and the materials more abundant. The opening sentences on Pym express the spirit in which the lectures are prepared. "Let us never glorify revolution. Statesmanship "is the art of avoiding it, and of making progress "at once continuous and calm." As nature never is "continuous and calm," but requires her howling storms, her quaking tempests wherewith to clear the atmosphere and render the "round and rolling globe" habitable, it is difficult to see how finite statesmanship can make "progress at once continuous and calm," out of the arrogant and variable life one has to deal with. Of course it is easy for one starting with such a predicate to assert that the beheading of Charles the First was a grievous error, and to join in the common hue-and-cry against the French Revolution. The quoted sentences are the-key note to the most advanced liberal policy in Great Britain. It is with such platitudes that the Democracy now asserting itself in that Empire is to be met. "Let us never glorify revolutions" is the secret too much of England's failings, because it exhibits the limitations of even the very best of her ruling class. But a spirit is rising there which *must* "glorify revolutions" as they deserve, because only by its agency can their own liberties and progress be assured. Better the tempest's stormy breath than the midsummer's stagnant heat. Better war "than peace that pisses on every man's hearth." The axe that found the crick in the neck of the first Charles ought to have been preserved, that hereafter men might have wreathed it with flowers. Goldwin Smith might recognize John Brown and Garibaldi, because his instincts are clearer than his reason; but they are the heroes of revolution, and that which condemns the method cannot logically recognize them. But Goldwin Smith is well worthy perusal.

Beverly Nash, of Columbia, S. C., whose name will be remembered as that of a prominent colored man, once accused of trafficking politically with Wade Hampton, has been elected to the Constitutional Convention of the Palmetto State. He is a Republican. Recently William Swinton, while travelling South, published a conversation he had with Nash. This was quoted extensively in England as a remarkable proof of ability. The London *Spectator* headed an article "A Negro Statesman," and commented most favorably on the sentiments and opinions advanced by Nash. He is a sagacious and shrewd man, but there is really nothing more remarkable in him. Mr. Cardoza, another delegate from Charleston, is a finely-educated mulatto, who graduated with considerable honor at the University of Glasgow.

The tendency of all art and literature—of what has hitherto been esteemed the exclusive possession of the rich and cultivated—to diffusion, to being spread broadcast among the people, is every day becoming more remarkable. This diffusion is combatted with vigor by many who claim foremost places in literature and art. Nothing seems to arouse the ire of the exclusive so much as attempts to copy in a worthy manner, for the million, the works of great and best worthy artists. Photography has been sneered at; instruction though it be for the many, to correct ideas of form, proportion, beauty and grace.

But photography is as yet cold. The sun and chemistry have not caught Nature's fleeting hues and painted them on the camera's plate. That this will yet be done, there is little doubt. No effort of photography will destroy the value of great genius in art; it will only tend to increase the circle of its worshippers. In nothing so much are the anti-Democratic tendencies of mere culture exhibited, as in the deprecation of earnest attempts to reproduce worthily for the many what has been done for immortality by the high-priests of the Beautiful—the painters and sculptors of the world. This exclusive spirit it is that animates most of the criticisms leveled at the praiseworthy and creditable efforts of Louis Prang & Co., of Boston, whose reproduction in chromo-lithographs of some of the best landscapes and other works of American artists, are now exciting great attention. It is the spirit in which Mr. Prang works that demands the applause of all; and that motive, combined with great skill and enthusiastic devotion to his art—for such it really is—will secure a near realization of his ideal—faithful and artistic reproduction at prices which will place the copies within the reach of the million. Why not democracy in art as well as in literature?

R. J. H.

LITERARY.

BLACK AND WHITE: A Journal of a Three Months' Tour in the United States. By Henry Latham, M. A., Barrister at Law. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867. 8vo., pp. 304.

This handsomely printed and very readable book contains the usual proportion of blunders made by the class of travellers who undertake to *do* the United States in three months. For instance, speaking of Congress, Mr. Ashley (of Ohio) is "the member for Nevada:" and, travelling between Norfolk and Charleston, Mr. Latham writes—"The great curse of all this country, and in fact of all America, New York not excepted, is shakes and agues; vide Martin Chuzzlewit." As an observer, he seems not uncandid; but some of his antecedents were not favorable to the formation of a correct judgment of our affairs. He belongs to the class of Englishmen called conservative; he has no objection, either of sentiment or principle, to slavery, nor even to the cultivation of the "Virginia staple," the "vigintial crop," the practice of breeding slaves for the market; he finds the increased mortality of negro children in Virginia since the act of Emancipation to form a valid argument, or at least a strong presumption, against the wisdom of emancipation; and he is "quite of the opinion of the wise man who discovered that colored persons are born and grow in exactly the same way as uncolored persons up to the age of thirteen; and that they then cease to develop their skulls and their intelligence."

Holding these opinions, he was quite prepared to hear with confidence, and to repeat as if they were certainly true, the statements made to him by the defenders of slavery in the South (where two of his three months were spent) respecting the justice, beneficence and favorable working of slavery before the rebellion. He seems not at all to have doubted the testimony of Jefferson Davis, who told him (p. 112)—"It is is a great misrepresentation on the part of the Abolitionists that the marriage-tie and religion were not observed on the plantations. It was simply a matter of interest with every planter that they should be regarded. Negroes were never prevented from learning to read; and some of them could write."

Mr. Latham accepts as undoubtedly correct the following statements received from other sources. "The slaves as a rule were neither overworked nor treated with cruelty. It is absurd to suppose the contrary. That which is valuable and cannot be easily replaced is always taken care of." "That the slaves were not greatly discontented with their lot seems clear." "The treatment of the slaves was nearly as good as the fact of their slavery admitted." After emancipation—"Not only were they thinned by death, but they ceased to multiply as before. As long as there was profit in rearing them, the masters took care that the women were attended to in child-birth, and the babies properly nourished. In some parts the rearing of slaves for sale was the most profitable business of the plantation. Just as Kentucky supplies other States with mules, so one chief source of wealth in Virginia was the breeding of slaves for the Southern States. After the emancipation it was nobody's interest that the little children should be cared for. Babies were an incumbrance in wandering about; the maternal instincts were weak; life had no great charms for them, and infanticide became terribly common."

Probably this well-to-do Englishman is not so brutal as one really acquainted with slavery would naturally think him after reading the extract last given. He has evidently not the least idea of the abominable details of the system through the destruction of which the slave-girls of Virginia "ceased to multiply *as before*." He has never conceived of the monstrosity systematically developed in the fact that Virginia supplied other States with slave-children "*just as* Kentucky supplies other States with mules!" He does not dream of the unspeakable absurdity involved in *his* dictum respecting slave mothers, that "their maternal instincts are weak." And if he really thinks that the interests of property necessarily produced proper care of the health of child-bearing slave-women and their children, he might profitably read the narrative of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler who was obliged to leave her husband because she could not endure the abominable cruelties systematically practised on his plantation (as on all other plantations around)—one of which was that women should go to their ordinary field labor *one week after confinement*—and because her earnest intercession, repeatedly made, failed to procure either the suspension or mitigation of these barbarities.

There is however one matter in regard to which Mr. Latham's feelings are thoroughly interested, namely, "the feeling in America about the Alabama business." Of this he says in an appendix—

"I have talked with a good many Americans on the subject of the Alabama claims, and the feeling evinced, and the passion shown by one or two of them, convinced me of the importance of an early settlement of the matter in some way or other . . . . On points of national pride Americans are far more sensitive than we are. Their feeling is that when they were down and in distress, France took a dirty advantage of them in the invasion of Mexico, and England in the matter of the Alabama. The French have evacuated Mexico, and England must now be called to account. This is the general feeling of the nation; besides this, there is the special grudge among the ship owners whose trade was diverted into English bottoms, and among the merchants whose goods were burnt. A war with England, attended with reprisals on English commerce, would be, as they think, for the interest of both merchant and ship-owner; further, it would give them a chance for revenge, which Americans love more than money.

"With all this, there does not exist among them any serious belief in the probability of a war with England; but it would take very little agitation to make them think of it seriously. Some American politicians are wondrously unscrupulous; and the Irish vote is necessary for success at the next election. The next election is two years off; but the canvassing has begun long ago. . . . . The American Executive do not desire to be involved in a war with England; but what they and all other politicians want is a good electioneering cry to captivate the Irish vote.

"For this purpose they will probably select the Alabama business. At the present time, although there exists a strong feeling in the public mind, that feeling is not so strong as to preclude a fair settlement of the question; but every day, as time goes on and the election approaches, that settlement will become more difficult. Unless something more available turns up, that 'difficulty' will be brought more prominently forward, and will be dragged before the people by every Republican newspaper and at every public meeting. Americans do not form opinions for themselves; they never read more than one newspaper; they give themselves very little time to think, but let their editor lead them by the nose; and there is an Irishman upon the staff of nearly every newspaper in America.

"Probably the American government will be in no hurry to conclude the question. It may be that they will try and postpone the settlement in order to make use of the cry at the election; and in that case, the national feeling having by that time grown with the agitation, it may ultimately not be in the power of the American government to deal temperately in the matter, even should they be so disposed.

"The Americans are capable of a stronger love and a stronger hate for England than for any other nation; and I really think it may depend somewhat upon the settlement of the Alabama claims one way or another, which it shall be."

Such is Mr. Latham's judgment about the importance (to England) of a settlement of the Alabama question. He understands that, in the adjustment of international relations, Americans "love revenge more than money." When he shall have extended this idea far enough to appreciate the unquestionable fact that, in their dealings with their slaves also, the Americans loved revenge better than money, he will have reached one important item of a better knowledge of slavery.

Charles Dickens's and Wilkie Collins's Christmas story—"No Throughfare"—forms the Christmas number of *Every Saturday*. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce Mr. Dickens as a contributor to the *Atlantic* and *Our Young Folks*, for 1868.

An interesting paper on R. Waldo Emerson is published in the *North British Review* for December.

A DESIRABLE HOLIDAY PRESENT.—There was a time—and not very long ago either—when Sewing Machines, with all their acknowledged utility were among the luxuries of social life. The few possessed them and expatiated upon their wonderful charms with tireless loquacity and dilated eyes, while the many looked upon them as marvels of scientific and inventive genius far beyond their reach. That time has passed by most unmistakably; and to-day, the best beloved coadjuter of the presiding genius of every well-ordered household, is the Sewing Machine.

"But there are so many different Sewing Machines," the people say, "all putting forth indisputable claims to pre-eminent excellences, that we are in a quandary, and don't know which to buy." To choose finally in such a matter, is certainly important, and we may be able to assist some of those who are unable to decide for themselves. At any rate we will say frankly that the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine must be regarded as one of the most perfect, completeste and desirable in the market. It is light, graceful, and simple; it sews rapidly, undeviatingly, surely; its stitch is compact and elegant, and never gives out; it does everything that can be done by any Sewing Machine, and excels all others in its adaptability for embroidery. The specimens of this branch of needle-work are as wonderful as exquisite. The steadiest and most skillful hand, inspired to the labor by the fondest motives and most ingenious imagination, could not hope to execute such work, although it might devote to it days and weeks of wearying toil. In addition to recommendations like these, it must by no means be forgotten that the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine was the only one which received, at the Paris Universal Exposition, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, that most coveted of all prizes among exhibiters. The thousands who are looking about for the best Sewing Machine, as a holiday present for some dear friend, or some needy and deserving poor person, will do well not to lose sight of such facts as these.—*Home Journal.*

THE SILVER TONGUE.—Never was an epithet more appropriately bestowed than the above, to the sweet and silver voiced Instruments of Messrs. Carhart & Needham, of this city. We had the pleasure, a few days since, of introducing ourselves to the splendid and exquisitely toned "sweet singers" in their warerooms on Twenty-third street, and can testify that "it was good to be there." In our early boyhood one of these Instruments stood in our parlor—a small, old fashioned 4½ octave melodeon—unlike the noble ones now exhibited in their spacious rooms, but still a genuine Carhart & Needham, and it was upon this we first learned to play all those grand old *fugue* tunes and symphonies. Those sweet notes seem to be present with us yet. Indeed, who shall say how much they had to do with allaying the passions, and laying the foundation for our future character. From that time we have possessed several of these Instruments, and as we became older and finally associated with journalism, we found sweetness of temper so peculiary needed, and so rare, that we were obliged to meet the emergency by purchasing one of the largest and finest of their parlor organs! We hope hereafter, *by constant practice* upon our "Little Gem," to preserve our benignity, as heretofore, to meet all attacks of our adversaries with that dignity, complacency, and remarkable sweetness of temper we have been enabled, at all times, so strikingly to manifest.

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THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

The office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from No. 5 South Fifth street, to the old stand, No. 107 North Fifth street, where it was formerly located for upwards of years. Specimen numbers of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD furnished and new subscriptions received as above.

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Miscellaneous Department.

STRAYED FROM THE FLOCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"421.—Strayed from the Flock."—B. RIVIERE.

["I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is. Nature is not at variance with Art, nor Art with Nature: they being both servants of His providence."—*Sir T. Browne's 'Religio Medici.'" Extract from the R. A. Catalogue for 1867, and motto of the same.*]

THE wind goes sobbing
Over the moor;
Far is the fold, and shut its door;
White and still—beyond terror or shock,
Lies the foolish lamb that strayed from the flock:
While overhead, from frozen branch,
With a tender pity, true and staunch,
Thus sings the robin:

"The wind howls heavy
With death and sorrow;
To-day it is thee—may be me to-morrow:
Yet I'll sing one tune o'er the silent wold,
For the little lamb that never grew old;
Never lived long winters to see,
Chanting from empty boughs like me,
Boughs once so leafy.

The snow-flakes cover
The moorland dun;
My song thrills feebly, but I sing on.
Why did God make me a brave bird-soul,
Under warm feathers, red as a coal,
To keep my life thus cheery and bright,
To the very last twinkle of wintry light—
While thine is all over?

Why was I given,
Bold strong wings,
To bear me away from hurtful things,
While thy poor feet were so tender and weakly,
And thy faint heart gave up all so meekly;
Till it yielded at length to a still, safe Hand,
That bade thee lie down, nor try to stand?
Was it Hand of Heaven?

The wind goes sobbing"—
(Thus sang the bird;
Or else in a dream his voice I heard:)
"Nothing I know, and nothing can;
Wisdom is not for me, but man.
Yet some snow-pure, snow-soft—*not* snow-cold,
May be singing o'er the lamb strayed from the fold,
Besides poor Robin."

DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

I AM afraid that our domestic life will not bear looking into. I fear that our houses will not be found to have unity, and to express the best thought. The household, the calling, the friendships of the citizen are not homogeneous. His house ought to show us his honest opinion of what his well-being consists in when he rests among his kindred, and forgets all affectation, all compliance, and even all exertion of will. He brings home thither whatever commodities and ornaments have for years allured his pursuit, and his character must be seen in them. But what idea predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then convenience and pleasure. Take off all the roofs from street to street, and we shall seldom find the temple of any higher god than Prudence. The progress of domestic living has been in cleanliness, in ventilation, in health, in decorum, in countless means and arts of comfort, in the concentration of all the utilities of every clime in each house. They are arranged for low benefits. The houses of the rich are confectioners' shops, where we get sweetmeats and wine; the houses of the poor are imitations of these to the extent of their ability. With these ends housekeeping is not beautiful; it cheers and raises neither the husband, the wife, nor the child; neither the host, nor the guest; it oppresses women. A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

If we look at this matter curiously, it becomes dangerous. We need all the force of an idea to lift this load; for the very wealth and multiplication of conveniencies embarrass us, especially in northern climates. The shortest enumeration of our wants in this rugged climate appalls us by the multitude of things not easy to be done. And if you look at the multitude of particulars, one would say, good housekeeping is impossible. Order is too precious a thing to dwell with men and women. See how, in families where there is both substance and taste, at what expense any favorite punctuality is maintained. If the children, for example, are considered, dressed, dieted, attended, kept in proper company, schooled, and at home fostered by the parents—then does the hospitality of the house suffer. Friends are less carefully bestowed, the daily table less catered. If the hours of meals are punctual, the apartments are slovenly. If the linens and hangings are clean and fine and the furniture good, the yard, the garden, the fences are neglected. If all are well attended, then must the master and mistress be studious of particulars at the cost of their own accomplishments and growth, or persons are treated as things.

The difficulties to be overcome must be freely admitted; they are many and great. Nor are they to be disposed of by any criticism or amendment of particulars taken one at a time, but only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our dwellings are usually built and furnished. And is there any calamity more grave, or that more deserves the best good-will to remove it than this?—to go from chamber to chamber and see no beauty; to find in the housemates no aim; to hear an endless chatter and blast; to be compelled to criticise; to hear only to dissent and to be disgusted; to find no invitation to what is good in us, and no receptacle for what is wise. This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging—being defrauded of affinity, of repose, of heavenly culture, and the inmost presence of beauty.

It is a sufficient accusation of our ways of living, and certainly ought to open our ear to every good-minded reformer, that our idea of domestic well-being now needs wealth to execute it. Give me the means, says the wife, and your house shall not annoy your taste nor waste your time. On hearing this, we understand how these Means have come to be so omnipotent on earth. And indeed the love of wealth seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the Beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is not the love of much wheat and wool and household stuff. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts. We desire the elegancy of munificence. We desire at least to put no stint or limit on our parents, relatives, guests, or dependents. We desire to play the benefactor and the prince with our townsmen, with the stranger at the gate, with the bard, or the beauty, with the man or woman of worth, who alights at our door. How can we do this, if the wants of each day imprison us in lucrative labors, and constrain us to a continual vigilance lest we be betrayed into expense?

Give us wealth, and the home shall exist. But that is a very poor solution, a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. "*Give us wealth.*" You ask too much. Few have wealth; but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; and in getting wealth, the man is generally sacrificed, and often is sacrificed without acquiring wealth at last. Besides, that cannot be the right answer: there are objections to wealth. Wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. Our whole use of wealth needs revision and reform. Generosity does not consist in giving money or money's worth. These so-called *goods* are only the shadow of good. To give money to a sufferer is only a come-off. It is only a postponement of the real payment, a bribe paid for silence—a credit system in which a paper promise to pay answers for the time instead of a liquidation. We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man man. If he is sick, is unable, is mean-spirited and odious, it is because there is so much of his nature which is unlawfully withholden from him. He should be visited in this his prison with rebuke to the evil demons, with manly encouragement, with no mean-spirited offer of condolence because you have not money, or mean offer of money as the utmost benefit, but by your heroism, by your purity, by your faith. You are to bring with you that spirit which is understanding—health and self-help. To offer him money in lieu of these is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed virgin a sum of money to release him from his engagements. The great depend on their heart, not on their purse. Genius and Virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set—set in lead, set in poverty. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with the captains and sages of Greece and Rome—with Socrates, with Epaminondas? Aristides was made general receiver of Greece to collect the tribute which each state was to furnish against the barbarian. "Poor," says Plutarch, "when he set about it, poorer when he had finished it." How was it with Æmilius and Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul and John? by Milton and Marvell? by Samuel Johnson and Jean Paul Richter?

I think it plain at first sight that this voice of communities and ages—"Give us wealth, and the good household shall exist"—is vicious, and leaves the whole difficulty untouched. It is better, certainly, in this form, "Give us your labor, and the household begins." I see not how serious labor, the labor of all and every day, is to be avoided; and many things betoken a revolution of opinion and practice in regard to manual labor that may go far to aid our practical inquiry. Another age may divide the manual labor of the world more equally on all the members of society, and so make the labors of a few hours avail to the wants and add to the vigor of the man. But the reform that applies itself to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come with plain living and high thinking; it must break up caste, and put domestic service on another foundation. It must come in connection with a true acceptance on the part of each man of his vocation—not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.

Nor is this redress so hopeless as it seems. Certainly, if we begin by reforming particulars of our present system, correcting a few evils and letting the rest stand, we shall soon give up in despair. For our social forms are very far from truth and equity. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree is to raise our aim. Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the True; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims: they cannot pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action absorb so much life, and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and Poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions, and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere; only the low habits need palaces and banquets.

Let a man, then, say, My house is here in the country, for the culture of the country—an eating-house and sleeping-house for travellers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love; honor and courtesy flow into all the deeds.

There was never a country in the world which could so easily exhibit this heroism as ours; never anywhere the State has made such efficient provision for popular education, where intellectual entertainment is so within reach of youthful ambition. The poor man's son is educated. There is many a humble house in every city, many in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor. Who has not seen, and who can see unmoved, under a humble roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the sitting-room to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read a few pages more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother—atoning for the same by some pages of Plutarch or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in school-yard, or in barn or wood-shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with scraps of the last oration, or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism, on Sunday, of the sermons; the school declamation faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or the theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the cautious comparison of the attractive advertisement of the arrival of Macready, Booth, or Kemble, or of the discourse of a well-known speaker, with the expense of the entertainment; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the early separations which school or business require; the foresight with which, during such absences, they hive the honey which opportunity offers for the ear and imagination of the others, and the unrestrained glee with which they disburden themselves of their early mental treasures, when the holidays bring them again together. What is the hoop that holds them stanch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, spite of themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good. Ah! short-sighted students of books, of Nature, and of man! too happy, could they know their advantages. They pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for the theatre, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them, if their wishes were crowned! The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith.

WORTH OF GREAT SOULS TO HUMANITY.

THERE are, at all times, but a few great hearts
Who clearly understand the world, and clearly
Distinguishing the true and good therein,
Clearly reject and hate the bad and false.
Esteeming beauty as a holy thing,
They lift it up before the people's eyes,—
(As Moses did his magic serpent, which,
Mortal itself, yea, dying, healed all those
Who looked on it, by their own power of faith),—
To make them well thereby; their love becomes
The love of many; what they hate inflames
The people's hate; forever reprobate
Is that which the great heart has reprobated.
The sun shines up in heaven that flowers may bloom!
Geniuses only war with geniuses,
Crossing their weapons o'er for centuries;
And earliest-comers stay the latest ones!
And oft the first fall only by the last!
And to *their* graves they drag whole myriads down.
The flowers will bloom, while shines the sun in heaven.

—*From the German of Leopold Shefer.*

MENDELSSOHN'S REFORMATION SYMPHONY.

ITS FIRST PRODUCTION.

IT has been a matter equally of surprise and regret that although twenty years have elapsed since the death of Mendelssohn, such a large number of his compositions have so far been withheld from the world. This seems the more strange, inasmuch as every scrap that could be obtained of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, etc., has been eagerly sought out for publication. The presumption in favor of the value of the unpublished compositions of Mendelssohn is enhanced by the fact that he was so scrupulously careful in their revision, that many were laid aside for future reference which needed but a few trifling corrections.

Among the compositions which have been published of this class are the overture to "Ruy Blas" and the finale to "Lorelie," which have acquired a popularity as wide as that of any of Mendelssohn's productions. After the lapse of several years, when all hope of further publications of this nature had been abandoned, a new impulse seems to arise. The London *Times* says:

"Herr Carl Mendelssohn, reported to be engaged on a biography of his illustrious father, is now, we are advised, no less anxious to do justice to his memory in another direction. How far the persistent efforts of an enterprising musical firm may have helped to promote this welcome turn in affairs we are unable to guess; enough that very recently several pieces about seeing which in print every hope had been abandoned have been published, and among others the grand overture in C major ('The trumpet overture'), and an eighth book of 'Lieder ohne Worte,' or 'Songs without Words.' How the overture has been received at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society and the Crystal Palace it is superfluous to remind our musical readers. Like the overture to 'Ruy Blas' it made its mark at once. The new 'Songs without Words' were played by Madame Arabella Goddard with such success at a recent Monday Popular Concert, that they are to be played again at the next, as well as at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday. With respect to this particular book of 'Lieder' we cannot refrain from adding that on the whole it is superior to the seventh book; and as the choice of numbers for the seventh book was entirely at discretion of the four gentlemen already referred to, we are at a loss to account for the reasons that guided their decision.

"But among all the pieces by Mendelssohn known to exist in manuscript not one was thought of so often and so much, yet not one withheld so obstinately, as the grand symphony in D major, composed for the Festival of the Reformation in 1830. For some reason the symphony, notwithstanding Herr Riet's 'Verzeichniss,' which gives it as performed in Berlin and London, has never been performed. Mendelssohn speaks of it frequently in his first volume of 'Letters,' looking forward with delight to its introduction at the Paris Conservatoire. In Paris, however, he was doomed to disappointment, as at Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin and elsewhere in Germany. This time his enemy, and the enemy of the Reformation Symphony, was the cholera, no sooner than recovered from which he left Paris for London. Whatever he may have intended in further consideration of this work, it is now difficult if not impossible to ascertain; but how much interest he felt in it is shown by his own words. And when it is remembered that it was composed after the overture of the 'Hebrides,' the 'Walpurgis Night' (both subsequently remodelled), and some of his very best works, it might surely be conjectured that the probability of its comprising too much that is excellent and too much that is individual to be consigned without regret to oblivion was at last very great.

"Till within a few months, however, and nearly forty years since it was composed, there seemed no chance whatever of its coming to light. Nevertheless, the fortunate possessors of the 'Trumpet Overture,' the new book of 'Lieder ohne Worte' (and we trust of other things) unexpectedly announced a short time since that the Reformation Symphony was in their hands, and would be published forthwith. That the spirited gentlemen who control the management of the Crystal Palace concerts should be earliest in availing themselves of such a new chance of distinction was not surprising. The Reformation Symphony is to be the feature of Saturday's concert; and we have only to add at present that it was rehearsed yesterday by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the careful direction of Herr Auguste Manns, leaving the strong impression upon those who had the privilege of hearing it that it is one of the noblest and most aspiring works of its composer. A much more numerous audience will on Saturday pronounce its verdict, for certainly no true lover of music would willingly be absent on such an occasion as the first public performance of a new grand orchestral symphony by Mendelssohn."

ANTEDILUVIAN IVORY FROM ALIASKA.

EVIDENCE exists in abundance, all over the Arctic regions, to prove that at some time, thousands of years ago, the poles of the earth were located where now are the torrid regions, and that creatures of uncouth shape and monstrous size sported amid great forests, subsisting on luxurious herbage in more than tropical climes, where now there is only eternal silence, and the frost king remains undisturbed through ages. We have before us a section of the tusk of the mastadon from Kotzebue Sound, on the shores of the Arctic Ocean, which was purchased by the party of Maj. Wright, of Col. Buckley's Russian American Telegraph Expedition, from the natives at Gravelly Harbor, on the east side of Behring Straits, in our new territory of Aliaska. This tusk was about twelve feet in length, and measures seventeen inches in circumference, and the ivory has been preserved through ages by the frost so well that some portions of it might yet be made useful. Such tusks are found all over the Arctic regions, and are not unfrequently dug up in the Western States. They have even been found in California, but like those in the Western States, those found in this latitude are worthless, the preserving power of the frost not having acted upon them. On both the American and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean, these remains of the gigantic animals of old days are abundant, and the Russians have been able to furnish the markets of the world with almost an unlimited supply of ivory, only second in quality to the African article, from deposits irregularly worked, in the vicinity of Nova Zembla. About forty thousand pounds of fossil ivory, that is to say, the tusks of at least one hundred mammoths, are bartered for every year in New Siberia alone. As many as ten tusks have been found lying together in the "Tundra," weighing from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds each. Notwithstanding the enormous amount already carried away, the stores of fossil ivory do not appear to diminish.

We have no account of any extensive deposits of these tusks having been discovered in Alaska as yet, but it is by no means impossible that we shall hear of them in future. The telegraph party saw, near the junction of the Anadyr and Myan rivers, in Aliaska, a tusk of enormous size, sticking out of the ground some six or eight feet, and endeavored, but without success, to dig it up. The frost in the earth held it as with a vice, and they were not even able to ascertain whether the bones of the mastadon were beneath it or not. The Indians said they had used it as a hitching-post for many years, and that was all they cared or knew about it. The specimen which we have was purchased of the Indians for twelve leaden bullets, so little did they value it, even after bringing it such a distance. A much larger one was forwarded by Col. Bulkley to the Smithsonian Institute last year. The bones and portions of the hair and skin, of an entire animal of this species, were found, a few years since, embedded in the ice, near East Cape, on the Siberian side of Behring Straits, and are now deposited in the Royal Museum in St. Petersburg.

Alaska must have been a glorious country to go gunning in when these old mastadons and things were sloshing around there, and we sigh as we think how much fun we lost by coming into the world a few thousand years or so too late; but when we reflect on the probable size of the mosquitoes in those days, we are almost reconciled to the sudden change in climate which spoiled the hunting in that section of country, at least for some time to come.—*Alta Californian, Oct.* 30.

CURIOSITIES OF FRENCH GARDENING.

THE visitor who passes through the markets of Paris cannot fail to be struck by the size and beauty of the fruits and vegetables displayed. There are huge and perfect pears, a glistening array of salads, enormous heads of snowy cauliflower, and giant stalks of asparagus, which attract attention no less for their size and faultless condition, than for vast quantities, all equally fine and large of their kind. These are due to the wonderful skill and patient industry of the French gardeners, who are unequalled by any others, either here or in Europe, in the art of cultivating market produce.

One cause of the superiority is the devotion of the French to specialties. This system obtains as generally among the gardeners as among the men of arts and sciences. An American market farmer or gardener divides his ground into many lots, and plants nearly every variety of truck known to the market. The French gardener gives himself up to the cultivation of a special class or succession of fruits or vegetables, and by long study and practice, by experimenting with various manures, soils, and modes of culture, arrives at the production of a perfect crop of his speciality, season after season, with unerring certainty. He is also much more economical of space and more prodigal of labor than we are, as, in fact, than we need be. He seldom suffers his ground to lie fallow; crop succeeds crop in endless rotation; the cauliflower is set among the melon hills, ready to spread as soon as the melons are gathered. Between the rows of asparagus are planted early potatoes, lettuce, etc., in such a manner as to keep the ground constantly fruitful, and when the weather becomes frosty, and the sun loses a goodly share of its forcing power, large bell glasses are employed, one of which is placed over each plant—especially in the case of the salads—and heat is thus concentrated upon it until its full growth is fully attained.

The enormous size of the French asparagus is chiefly due to the manner of planting. Instead of setting the plants closely together as we do, a space of at least six inches square is allowed to each "stool," which enables it to suck a large amount of nutriment from the soil, and become a strong and solid plant. Each stool is also manured repeatedly every season, the soil being carefully scraped away down to the roots, the compost placed around them, and the earth put back again.

The French system of cultivating the apple, pear and peach is also peculiar. The trees are grafted and dwarfed. A strong wire is stretched along in front of each row, about three feet above the ground. Upon this wire a single branch of each tree is trained, and as soon as well started, this branch is made, by heavy pruning, the only fruit-bearing one on the tree. The consequence is that the entire strength of the tree goes to the nourishing of the fruit upon the branch, and this fruit becomes large and fair in proportion. This process, by-the-by, is borrowed from the Chinese. The pear, however, is also largely grown in the pyramidal and other forms; but almost always from dwarfed stock.

In the cultivation of the peach, the French gardeners have shown a curious and fanciful skill. Near the town of Montreil, a few miles only from Paris, there is a large number of gardens, enclosed in whitewashed walls, against the surface of which peach trees are trained in many fanciful forms. One of these is known as the "Napoleon peach." This is a specimen so trained as to figure in very large letters against the wall the name "Napoleon," a single branch going to the formation of each letter, and the whole surrounded by a wreath composed of two large boughs trained in a circle.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE VIRTUE.

"ERAS, like individuals, differ from one another in the species of virtue which they encourage. In one age, we find the virtues of the warrior; in the next, of the saint. The ascetic and the soldier in their turn disappear—an industrial era succeeds, bringing with it the virtues of common-sense, of grace and refinement. There is the virtue of energy and command, there is the virtue of humility and patient suffering. All these are different, and are, or may be, of equal moral value; yet from the constitution of our minds, we are so framed that we cannot equally appreciate all; we sympathize instinctively with the person who most represents our own ideal—with the period when the graces which most harmonize with our own tempers have been especially cultivated. Further, if we leave out of sight these refinements, and content ourselves with the most popular conceptions of morality, there is this immeasurable difficulty—so great, yet so little considered—that goodness is positive as well as negative, and consists in the active accomplishment of certain things which we are bound to do, as well as in the abstaining from things which we are bound not to do. And here the warp and woof vary in shade and pattern. Many a man with the help of circumstances, may pick his way clear through life, never having violated one prohibitive commandment, and yet at last be fit only for the place of the unprofitable servant—he may not have committed either sin or crime, yet never have felt the pulsation of a single unselfish emotion. Another, meanwhile, shall have been hurried by an impulsive nature into fault after fault—shall have been reckless, improvident, perhaps profligate, yet be fitter, after all, for the kingdom of heaven than the Pharisee—fitter, because against the catalogue of faults there could perhaps be set a fairer list of acts of comparative generosity and self-forgetfulness—fitter, because to those who love much, much is forgiven."—*Froude.*

GOOD COUNSEL.—Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself:

"When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. But if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently down the stream of time into eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence such a course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred beings happy, at all events, for a time."

A GUILLOTINING MONOMANIAC—The Paris correspondent of a London paper tells the following story of an eccentric character, recently deceased:

Louis François Gosier has just died at Doebling, Austria, from a guillotine *furore*. He was the son of the servant of the unfortunate Louis XVI., and was born at Paris. The revolution burst out when he was only ten years old. His father was beheaded, but his mother succeeded in reaching Germany with her son. Luckily enough, she also succeeded in saving a part of her fortune, and she was thus enabled to give her son a good education.

In a very short time he was appointed private secretary to an eminent Austrian personage, and he published in French a "History of the French Revolution." His patrimony allowed him to live comfortably, and he purchased at Doebling a house, from which he never went out since 1831. Only two friends of his were received in his house, and through them his eccentricities were known. His house consisted of five rooms. He had devoted the largest one to the perfection of the guillotine; that room was full of beams, ropes, and head-choppers. Every time he improved the deadly instrument to his satisfaction he bade his friends bring cats and dogs, which he beheaded with his machine.

During these trials he was so incited to kill, that once he threw himself on one of his friends with the intention to cut his head off; that friend escaped, thanks to his superior strength. He looked more like a cannibal than a civilized man. He left his bed only during two hours daily, from three to five in the afternoon. These two hours he devoted to his experiments. As soon as five struck he went to bed again. He ate, read and wrote in bed. On Friday last he was making some experiments with his guillotine, when he fell ill; he rang the bell, but when the servant-maid came in he was a corpse. He had been struck by an attack of apoplexy. He always used to say: "My father would not have suffered at all, had he been beheaded by my own guillotine." What do you say of that retrospective filial affection?

THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

MR. GREEN, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti:

The banks of coral on which my divings were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water-nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and, as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sunfish, from the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, some of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, starfish, white shark and blue or shovel-nose shark were often seen.

There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog.

Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.

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A lady visited New York city and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in a shop window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady full in the face, and with artless simplicity, said, "Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to a better advantage?

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